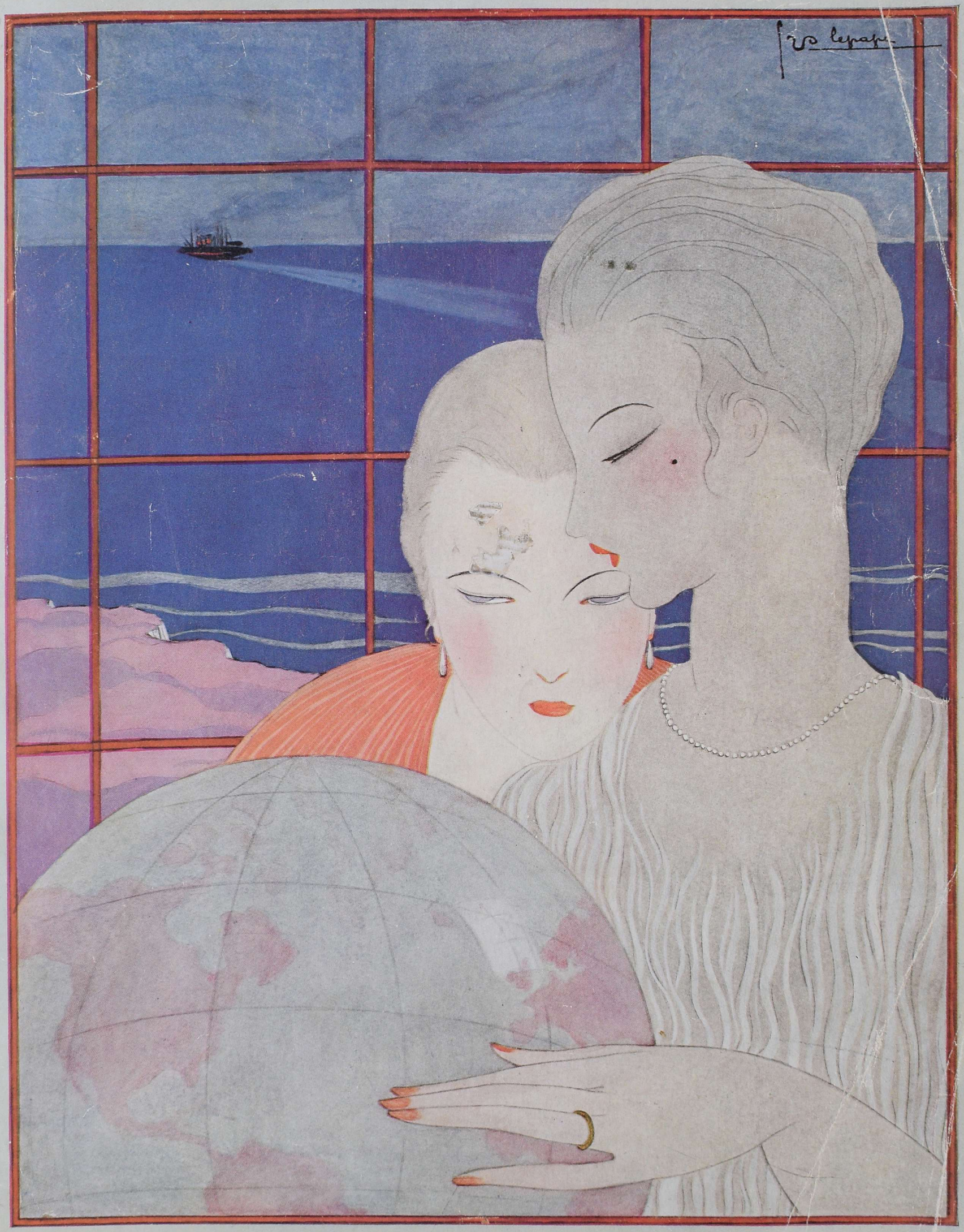
Holiday Number

VOGUE

CONTINENTAL EDITION



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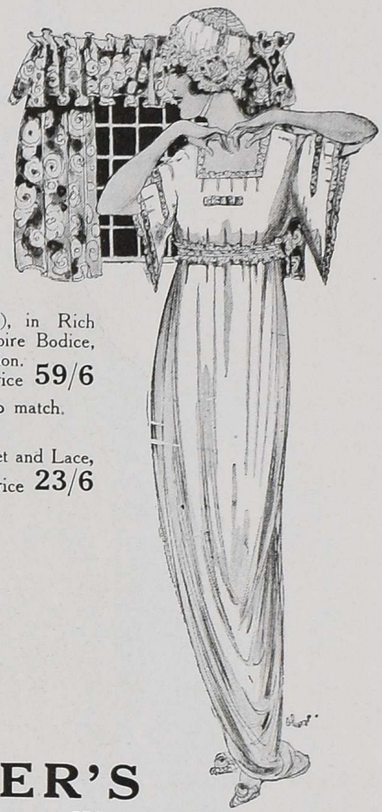

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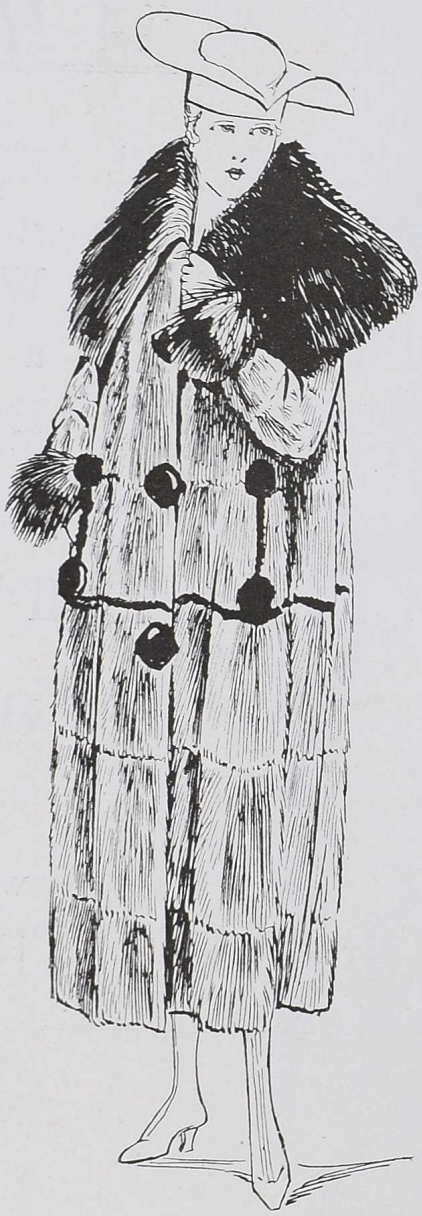

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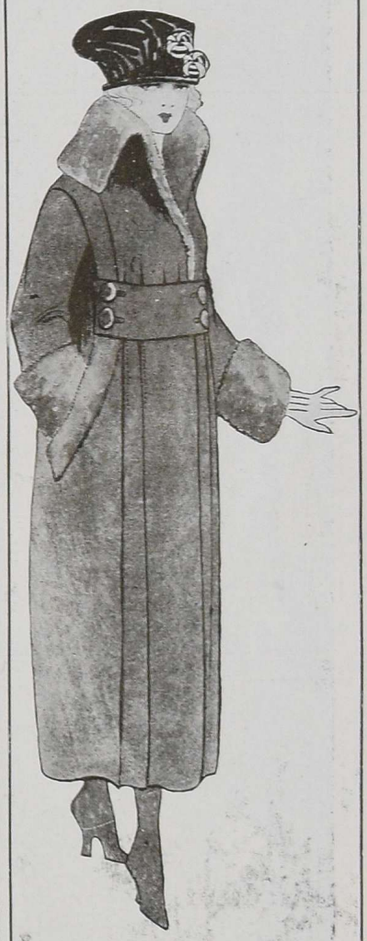

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DELYSIA in CARMINETTA

THE EARLY JANUARY NUMBER OF VOGUE

THE next number of Vogue will be just brimful of excitement,—one of those issues bristling with all sorts of things to wear and see and do. Not an interesting thing in New York has escaped us, whether it concerns clothes or people or something to be seen at the art galleries. You know that Vogue can't even take an unprofessional stroll up Fifth Avenue without seeing something or somebody that makes it want to have a heart-to-heart interview and find out some interesting facts for its next issue. That shows how Vogue has your interests on its mind; it hates to let anything good go by.

Vogue and Paris

The holiday season is certainly the time when everyone takes a fresh interest in what to wear; there are so many things happening to wear things to. And there is nothing better to bring on that festive feeling than the knowledge that you have consulted Paris, and that its fashions are yours.

Which brings us by a natural and easy transition to what we wanted to say about the many pages of Paris fashions that Vogue is going to have in its next issue. As usual, the couturiers have spared neither pains nor expense to plan for you the kinds of costumes that will make you realize that, after all, there are many illusions left in this life. It's queer, this psychology of clothes, and Paris seems to have been born with a sort of second sight concerning it, because it knows just when to make a woman's costumes gay, and when to make them gallant, and when they must have just the serious note that she would like to express. You will realize all of this when you see the Paris pages in the next Vogue.

Another thing that will come straight from Paris, and that Vogue will tell you about, is the new French Theatre, *Théâtre du vieux Colombier,* that Jacques Copeau has brought to New York.

Costumes You Will Like

The leading article next time, however, will be about sports clothes and the clothes that you wear in your most strenuous moments. This will be illustrated with sketches of all sorts of smart tailored and sports costumes, and you'll no doubt be able to find among them one of those swagger English suits that you've always wanted and haven't been able to find in just the lines you like for yourself.

Billie Burke and Kitty Gordon are both going to pose for the next Vogue, and so is Vera Beresford, Kitty Gordon's daughter. The photographs of Billie Burke will be by Victor Georg, and she will wear the loveliest of the gowns she wears in "The Rescuing Angel," her new play. Kitty Gordon and her daughter are going to pose for us in gowns that a hostess and her daughter would wear in their own home; they are very charming, and the kinds of things that Vogue likes to show you,—real costumes for real people.

More That Vogue Will Do

There are numberless other things, too; it's difficult to think of the ones in which you'll be most interested. Helen Dryden will have some drawings of dress accessories for you,—all those little things that look so insignificant in the quiet of the shop windows, and that, after you have them on, either make or ruin your reputation for being a smart person.

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Late December 1917

Cover Design by Georges Lepape

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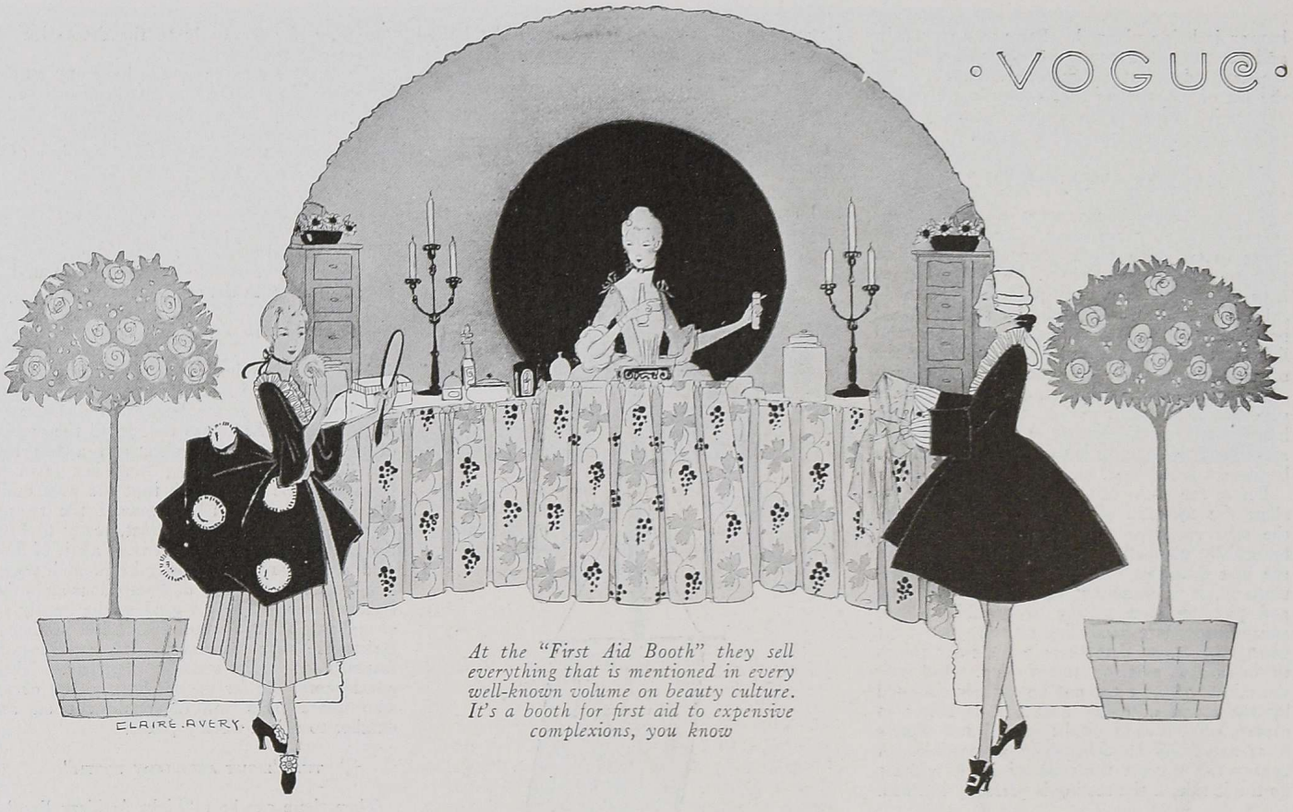
Rochlitz Studio, © 1917, Clarence H. Mackay

MR. CLARENCE H. MACKAY AND HIS CHILDREN

Few families have given more generously to the cause of the Allies than the Mackays. Mr. Clarence H. Mackay has established the Mackay Unit of the Roosevelt Hospital of New York in France. His two daughters, Miss Katherine, the elder, and Miss Ellin, have formed a class among their friends which meets at "Harbor Hill," the Mackay home at Roslyn, Long Island, and which, under the personal direction of a graduate nurse of the Roosevelt Hospital, prepares surgical dressings for the unit in France. Master John W. Mackay, has also helped the cause in many ways



At the "First Aid Booth" they sell everything that is mentioned in every well-known volume on beauty culture. It's a booth for first aid to expensive complexions, you know

BAZAARS SANS BANALITIES

The Charity Bazaar Can, with a Little Ingenuity and a Good Colour Scheme, Be Unlike All Other Bazaars and Guiltless of a Single Dull Minute

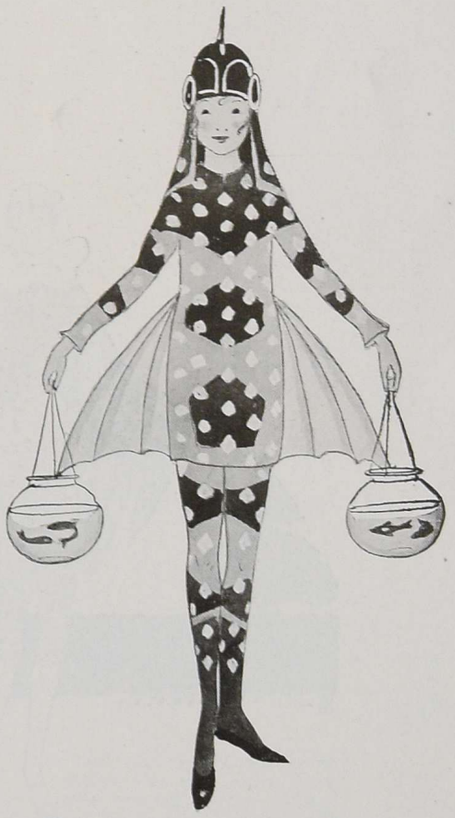
Since it's nice to have announcements in appropriate form, this sandwich boy advertises the wares of the tea-room

MANY people who are perfectly responsible in every other way think that charity bazaars are given for the sole purpose of having all the débutantes of the season get into exactly the wrong costumes and sell people a lot of things they don't want and couldn't imagine any one else wanting; and all the men do home-made vaudeville acts that amuse no one but themselves. And the things that they sell at these bazaars,—well, every individual booth looks like a chapter from the famous bad taste exhibit given in New York three years ago. Little mid-Victorian whimsicalities that we imagined obsolete about the time grandmother decided that hoop-skirts were passée, and she'd like something smart in a dolman, appear in all their hideous quaintness.

THE THINGS THAT APPEAR AT BAZAARS

There are times when no one can deny that it is more blessed to give than to receive. A perfectly good Rogers group that nobody wanted to throw away or something that Aunt Annabelle made when she started china painting without ever having had a lesson in her life, may have interesting historic value, but charity bazaars are for future benefits, not past reminiscences.

Just as some women are born to wear eternally the wrong thing, some people were intended to stay out of the picture when a charity



She belongs to the "Submarine Booth," and if you could see her in colour you'd know immediately that she is a goldfish

bazaar is being planned. Because, to organize and see through a successful affair of that sort is permitted to but a chosen few. And it is not the list of patronesses that guarantees a bazaar a glittering success; there are a great many other things to be taken into consideration.

WHY BAZAARS ARE

Of course, every bazaar wants to make money; that is why they are given. And so the first thing to do is to catch your press-agent. It pays to advertise, you know. A charity bazaar is as much dependent upon publicity as a musical comedy. And, also, a charity bazaar should be planned as much for scenery, costumes, and lighting as a musical comedy. It's during the unguarded moments of a general feeling of congeniality and good fellowship induced by these superficialties that most of the purchases at bazaars are made. The most effectual way to attack any one's purse is to put the subject in a benignant mood first, and then strike.

Before the doors of the bazaar are opened to allow the entrance of so much as one patron, the *mise en scène* must be a perfect picture, beautifully planned. Everything depends upon the first dramatic impression. This year, particularly, it is necessary to have as lightsome and picturesque a setting as possible; people always appreciate gamboling on the green a bit when they know that there are sterner things to do as soon as they stop playing. And still, the military note must not be entirely drowned by the sound of dance music; it is better to express what is most vital to us all and express it as amusingly and cheerfully as possible. A bazaar can suggest the military spirit without its tragic side, if the setting is perfectly handled.

THE PROPER BACKGROUND

It is true that most people look their best and gayest against a background of soft green shrubbery. Even the most modern and up-to-the-minute bazaar, with its military touch, can be made to have a really pastoral atmosphere by the clever use of green hedges and arches and arbours. One particularly charming idea is to have the general setting like a quaint old garden, with a court and a fountain that tinkles its merriest all through the evening. The background for this garden is an evergreen hedge in the form of a semicircle made up of a series of arches. This hedge is made over wire frames, of course. In each archway, the booths are arranged, and each booth is marked by a tall pole standing in front of it and flying a banner that tells just what the booth is selling. These poles and their banners in black, white, yellow, and orange, the general colour scheme of the setting, add enormously to the decorative and festive effect of the scene.

The central arch (one may have any number on either side) is the entrance to the tea-room and is directly behind the fountain and flanked by rose trees. The entrance to the tea-room is guarded by a little "sandwich" boy in a miniature chef's costume, all in white, and with his signs bearing this notice: "Buy your bread tickets here for the tea-room." Then there can be a little sandwich girl, too, and her sandwich can be printed with an alluring descriptiton of all the highly desirable things to be found in tempting array in the same tea-room.

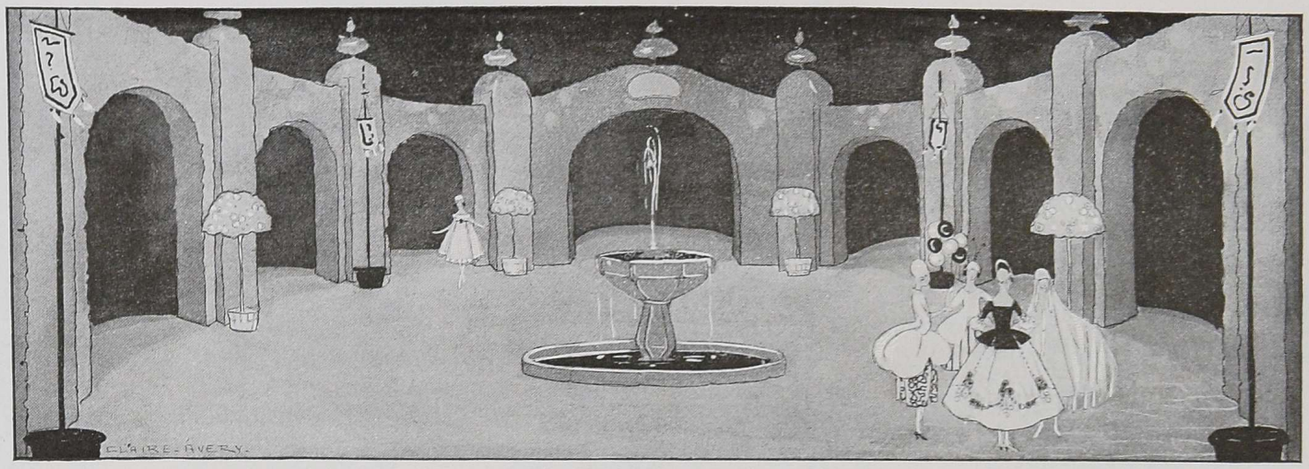
FIRST AID TO EXPENSIVE COMPLEXIONS

Another thing that can be made really amusing is a "First Aid Booth." The first aiding that this booth does is for beauty in distress; for it contains all the things that go to the making of an expensive complexion, and a fair lady can buy there everything from her favourite lipstick to the little patch that she puts under her left eye and slightly toward the temple, to make her a finished product, ready to baffle the public gaze. This booth is an affair of flowered chintz and glittering mirrors and potted rose-trees, and Madame de Pompadour and other famous persons highly versed in the deadly art of make-up are in charge of it. All of Madame's assistants wear costumes with powder-puffs fastened to their bouffant panniers. These powder-puffs are for sale, and the young person who wears them will obligingly cut off any number to sell at worthy prices.

THE "LIGHT ARTILLERY BOOTH"

Then there can be a "Light Artillery Booth," at which are sold all sorts of things with which a man may lay delicate and discreet siege to a lady's heart. This booth has every known kind of flower and bonbon that was ever bought as a strategic gift, and also swagger-sticks and boxes of candy all wrapped up and stamped, ready to send to some soldier. The costumes for the assistants at this booth look like bits of an old French painting. A long and lithe Pierrot who sells swagger-sticks out of little panniers that rest, one on each of his slim hips, is dressed in

This peaceful pastoral is part of the "Light Artillery Booth," where light ammunition for serious suitors is sold. Pierrot, in yellow and white, sells swagger-sticks, and two very dainty persons, one in orange silk and the other in Pompadour costume, sell candy and flowers



This is the general plan for the arrangement of the green hedge that forms a framework for the booths with its arches. The central arch leads into the tea-room, and there may be as many on either side as desired

yellow and white; then, as a sort of "companion piece" for him, there is the girl in orange silk with dainty cap and apron, who sells the boxes of candy to be sent to soldiers. There is also a girl in the costume worn in Pompadour times, with a tray of boutonnières, and she looks a great deal like a boutonnière herself. Probably the very cleverest of the "Light Artillery Booth" costumes is that worn by the cigarette girl. She has a costume taken from one designed by Gavarni, the French fashion artist at the time of Louis Philippe; instead of ending in true lover's knots, the ribbons on her skirt are tied to boxes of cigarettes, which she is most willing to cut off and sell. The ribbons may be attached to an elastic around the waist so that new boxes may be added after the first have been sold and snipped off.

To add a dash of piquant colour to the black, yellow, and white of the setting, is a little Irish girl in a vivid green frock, and she sells bonbons all done up in shamrock boxes.

There is really no end to all the diverting things one can think of to make such a bazaar different from all other bazaars; one ingenious idea seems to suggest another. For instance, why not have a "Submarine Booth" and then, by way of antithesis, an "Aviation Booth"? The "Submarine Booth" should be made to look like an underseas landscape (if that is what an underwater scape is), and there can be decorations of globes of goldfish and great branches of mauve and purple seaweed. Coral, strings of amber, sponges, and goldfish may be some of the deep-sea wares in this booth, and then the quaint little shell ornaments, which are again becoming a fashion, would be pleasant, too. This booth should have as a propagandist a little goldfish girl with a yellow costume spotted with orange and spangled with large silver scales. She could even carry a globe of goldfish in each hand, to complete the deep-sea picture.

OTHER THINGS TO DO

And the "Aviation Booth" immediately suggests all manner of brilliantly coloured balloons, birds in fantastic and bewildering cages, small and full-grown electric fans, and latest improvements for the aviator's comfort kit.

Of course, there should be a booth devoted to comfort kits for the soldiers. Boxes of every imaginable comfort should be all ready for shipping, so that only the name of the person to whom they are to be sent is lacking. A great deal of knitting could be done for a bazaar of this sort, so that those who are not engaged in active work for it can do their bit by making all the knitted things that go in comfort kits.

To make a charity bazaar a success, there must be one controlling executive committee over all the smaller committees, and this executive committee must arrange every detail so that the general setting decided upon cannot be spoiled by the introduction of the wrong note. It is really necessary to have sketches of the entire setting and of each costume planned, with the colour indicated, so that there will be no possibility of any of the independent bursts of colour that often spoil the picture and give some bazaars that mad confetti-sprinkled look.

(Right) The ribbons on the skirt of the cigarette girl end appropriately in boxes of cigarettes, which she is most willing to cut off and sell. The costume is taken from one designed by Gavarni, the French fashion artist at the time of Louis Philippe

(Left) One vivid flash of colour is added to the yellow, black, white and foliage green scheme of the bazaar by a slim Irish girl, dressed in brilliant green. She sells bonbons and they are in small boxes in the attractive form of green shamrocks

NEW YORK CLOTHES ITSELF IN DIGNITY

The Smartest Women Spend Their Days in Dark-Coloured Frocks and Wraps and Furs, and Even at Night the Striking Gown Is Seen No More

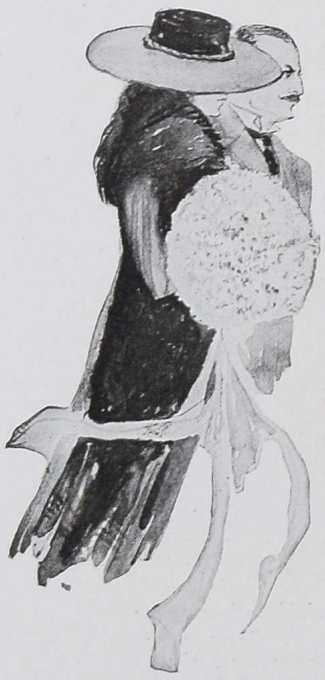
Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce wore a high pleated collar and a piquant black hat to Lady Duff-Gordon's charity matinée

Miss Elsie Saltus was a guest at the wedding of Miss Adelaide Wilmerding to Flight Lieutenant James M. Beck, jr.

Mrs. Philip Marsh, very smart in a costume of black velvet and kolinsky, chatted with Major Lord Inness-Ker and Flight Lieutenant Cannon, at the Belmont Park races

THIS season, clothes, like everything else, have been much affected by the conditions. While, as the winter advances, one sees the customary number of elaborate street things—as many rich furs, smart suits, and luxurious wraps as in other years—at night one finds an absence of formality. There is a notable dearth of sensational or striking evening gowns, and an atmosphere of quiet reserved dignity in the costumes worn by the smartest New York women. Low values predominate in the colourings, and where metal lace is employed—and this is quite frequently—it is almost always tarnished. Black and silver is a combination much sponsored by well-dressed women; broad surfaces of silver and of black, or sheer silver and black tissues superimposed upon each other, are given preference over silver brocades, which, unless the pattern is close and intricate, are apt to give a spotted appearance to the silhouette.

The most dignified and effective of the evening gowns boast trains, but seldom does a train consist of a single simple sweep of material at the back. More often it has its beginning in some eccentricity of design, and quite as often as not it is a double affair, with two trailing lengths instead of one. This idea was illustrated in the gown which Mrs. William Payne Thompson wore to dinner the other evening and which is pictured at the upper right on page 63. The bodice of silver tissue was long, reaching well below the waist-line, and from below it fell a two-tiered skirt of dull silver lace over black tulle. A broad sash of black ribbon velvet was caught to the left side of the back, where the skirt and bodice met, and this sash swept out into two flowing ends which formed a double train. The scarf of tulle, which one notes in the sketch of Mrs. Thompson, is almost invariably black this season. In rare instances one sees a scarf in midnight blue, a shade which has been used as a substitute for black in some of the smart evening gowns of the season. But dark blue, like dark brown, is a shade which does not appear to advantage unless well lighted; and so far the efforts to introduce the use of these tones have not been particularly successful.



Miss Adelaide Wilmerding was married in a simple dark costume and a broad hat with scarlet brim

THE CHIC OF WEARING FURS

While evening clothes are quieter and more conservative, never have smarter day costumes been seen than those in which the New York woman shops, lunches, or attends to the various war charities which now occupy so great a part of her days. Many times she is accompanied by a man in uniform—English, French, Italian, or the olive drab of our own country—and in her deep-toned furs and her hat, made picturesque by a sweep of ostrich feather, she is an exceedingly smart and graceful figure. Furs and ostrich feathers stand out as the most conspicuous features of the New York woman's daytime costume. One sees a great deal of sable, skunk, flying squirrel, and Australian opossum. It is characteristic of the New York woman that she knows how to wear her furs. To muffle a scarf up smartly about one's neck, to throw a stole over one's shoulder in such a way as to form a graceful line and to accentuate the length of the figure, to tuck a muff under one's arm with chic, all these are things that a woman must know if she would appear to the best advantage. The chic with which Mrs. Morgan Belmont wore her furs the other day, when lunching at the Ritz, had much to do with the charm of her costume. Her furs consisted of a brown fur stole and round muff, pictured on the lower right of this page. The stole was long and was worn over Mrs. Belmont's shoulders in such a way as to accentuate her slender length and, as she paused to chat with a friend, she tucked her muff, which was finished with a ruffle of fur at either end, smartly under her arm. The brown of this fur made a very attractive colour combination with the deep watermelon pink of the bodice of her gown, which was cut low over a little vest of sheer cream coloured lace. The skirt of this frock was dark, as was the small velvet hat set straight upon her head.

A dark blue hat worn by Mrs. William Wood, sketched at the top of page 114 is characteristic of the ostrich-swathed hats which are a feature of the fashions of the present season. This hat was recently worn by Mrs. Wood when lunching with some friends, and, with her veil, etched in a delicate design, and soft gray furs, the effect was very charming. Mrs. Cyril Hatch is wearing the little round hat of sand coloured chenille, sketched at the bottom of page 114 and with it a dark blue cape with a sand-coloured lining. Mrs. George White Baxter wore, at the wedding of her daughter, a hat with upstanding brim of lace, which is sketched on page 63, and which is exceedingly unusual and smart.

Of the many smart weddings which New York has witnessed this season, the marriage of Miss Adelaide Wilmerding, and Flight Lieutenant James M. Beck, junior, of the Aviation Section Signal Corps, U. S. R., which took place the day after the announcement of their engagement, was the first in which the bride dispensed with the formality of white satin and orange blossoms. Miss Wilmerding, who was married in the chapel of Saint Bartholomew's Church, in the presence of a number of friends who had been hurriedly summoned by telephone or telegraph, wore the simple frock of black satin with black tulle sleeves, sketched at the lower left on this page. Her furs were dark and the only touch of colour in her costume

Mrs. Morgan Belmont, lunching at the Ritz, wore the broad fur scarf now so much in favour

Very smart was a green duvetyn frock, slashed, and lined with gray, worn by a slender young woman, at Belmont Park

One of Lucile's manikins was charming in a costume of brown velvet and flying squirrel with a hat of orange velvet

Lady Duff-Gordon's stately manikin, Dolores, wore a distinctive frock of blue serge and a hat with dripping feathers

Mrs. William Payne Thompson dined in a gown of silver lace and black tulle, with a velvet sash forming a long double train

was the vivid scarlet brim of her broad flat hat. But if bridal formality was lacking in her gown, not so in her bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley tied with flowing white tulle—evidently a contretemps. Miss Wilmerding is sketched as she came up the aisle on the arm of her father, who gave her away. Among the guests at this wedding was Miss Elsie Saltus, who a few days afterwards was also a bride. Miss Saltus is sketched at the upper right of page 62 in her hat of dark blue silk with a bow of tête de nègre velvet ribbon, and pointed fox furs.

THE END OF THE RACING SEASON

The last of the autumn race meets at Belmont Park brought out an unusually large and interesting group of spectators. Heretofore there have been two United Hunts days at Belmont Park, but this year the stewards decided to unite the two events in one and an exceptionally good day's sport was the result. The feature race of the day, The United Hunts Double Event Steeplechase, was to many of the spectators a disappointment inasmuch as Cherry Malotte, Mrs. Payne Whitney's chestnut mare who

Miss Audrey Hoffman in a voluminous velours coat, a vivid sports skirt, and a white velours hat watches the race at Belmont Park

Among Lucile's charming array of hats is one of velvet with fronds of ostrich and a fan of goura on top

Mrs. George White Baxter wore, at the wedding of her daughter, a hat with an upstanding lace brim

won this race at the spring meeting and whom they had hoped to see repeat her triumph, stumbled at the last jump and gave place to St. Charlcote at the finish. Before the race, members and guests of The Turf and Field Club had the last luncheon to be served there this season, and after the finish of the sixth race the club house was closed, to remain so until next year. Two armies were represented in the spectators, for among the most picturesque figures on the course were Major Lord Robert Innes-Ker, of the British Recruiting Commission, and Second Flight Lieutenant Le Grand B. Cannon, of the Royal Flying Corps, who are pictured on page 62, as they stopped to chat with Mrs. Philip Marsh. Mrs. Marsh was very smart in a costume of black velvet and kolinsky. Mrs. Payne Whitney, who with her daughter, Miss Joan Whitney, watched with intense interest the efforts made by Cherry Malotte to defend her honours against her swift-footed competitors, wore the very good-looking hat of black velvet with silver lace crown, pictured at the bottom of this page. Miss Audrey Hoffman is also sketched on this page, in a voluminous coat of purple velours collared and cuffed with badger, over a sweater, and a sports skirt of a vivid red Indian print patterned in dull green. Her flat sports hat was of white velours. Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, who was muffled in white fox furs against the sharp breeze of the afternoon, wore an oddly shaped hat of dark blue,

(*Continued on page 14*)

Mrs. Payne Whitney wore a hat of velvet with a silver crown at the United Hunts day at Belmont Park

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, at Belmont Park, was muffled in white fox furs, and wore an oddly shaped hat

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF NEW YORK MARCHED IN THE RANKS OF THE SUFFRAGE PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE

Bain News Service

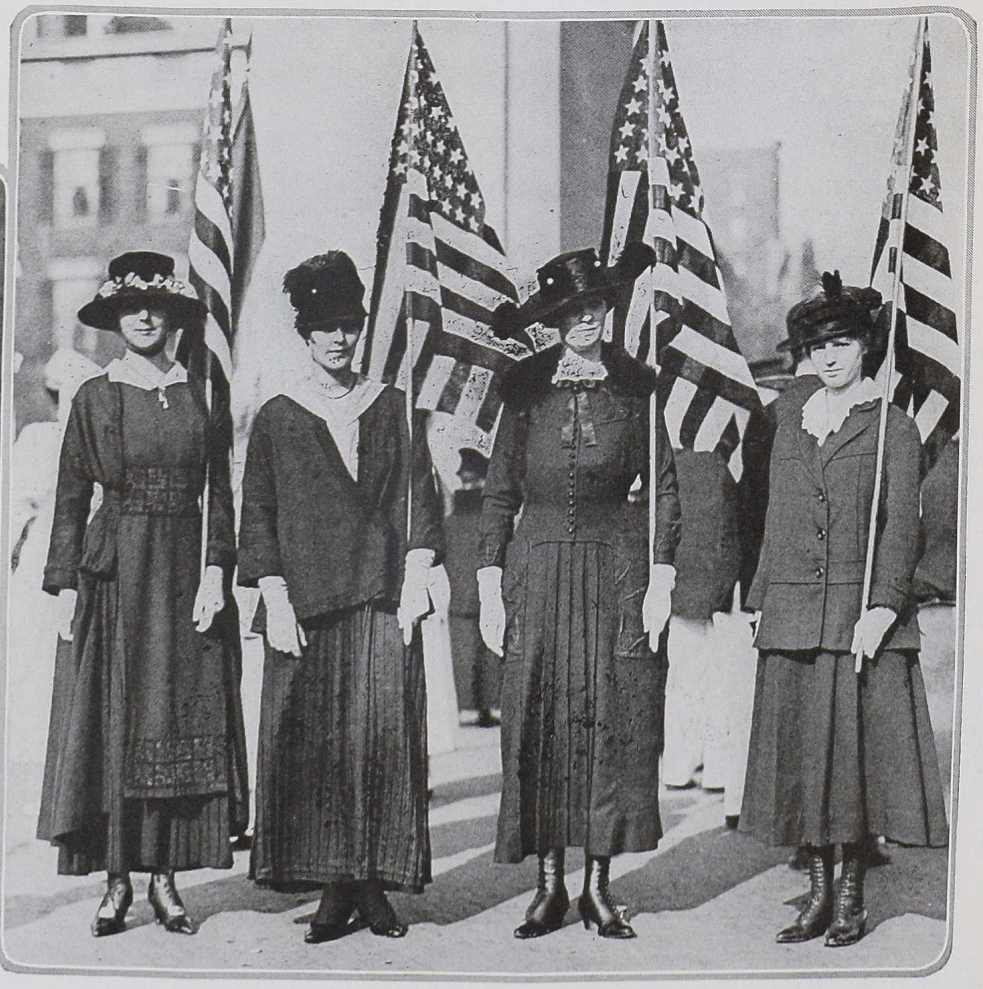
Miss Audrey Neilson Osborn and Mrs. Joseph Sampson Stevens carried an enrolment board bearing the signatures of eight hundred women who want the vote in New York. In the same division were shown over a million signatures

(Left) Mrs. Oliver Harriman headed the five hundred women whose sashes were inscribed "Mothers, Wives, Sisters of Soldiers and Sailors"

(Left to right) Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas, Mrs. Cornelius H. Tangeman, and Mrs. K. McCook Knox showed their enthusiasm for the cause as they marched up Fifth Avenue from Washington Arch to Fifty-ninth Street. The parade was an impressive one lasting three hours

Four photographs by Paul Thompson

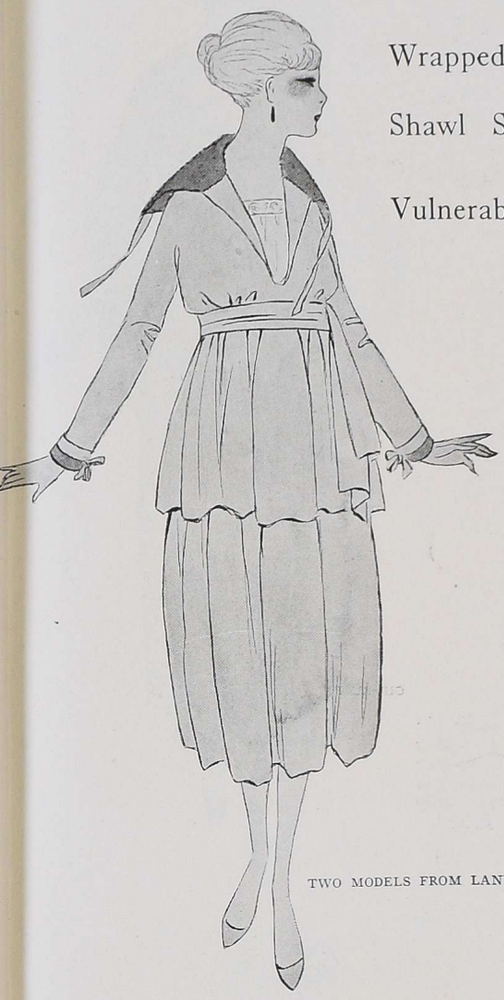
Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, Mrs. J. Norman de R. Whitehouse, and Mrs. John Insley Blair were of the four hundred —which means, of course, the four hundred leaders who headed divisions of the Suffrage Parade



Miss Eugenia M. Landenburg, Mrs. William Wood, Mrs. George Legg, and Miss Emily Delafield are four ardent suffragists who marched up Fifth Avenue in the parade which was organized to show the great number and the varied types of women who worked to swing the vote to "yes" on the Suffrage Amendment

SOMBRE CLOTHES *and* CHEERFUL HATS, SAYS PARIS

Wrapped to the Ears in Coats, Furs, and the New Shawl Scarf, with Hat Worn Low, the Parisienne Is Vulnerable to the Weather Only on the Tip of Her Nose



TWO MODELS FROM LANVIN

Gray is playing an important part on the stage of fashion, as is Mlle. Exiane on the stage of the Théâtre Gymnase. They appear together delightfully in a crêpe de Chine frock, with collar and cuffs of a plushy tissue, in the new play, "Petite Reine"

We have always known the wisdom of blue serge, but in "Petite Reine" Mlle. Exiane shows us its charm, in a frock of marine blue with odd little pockets of blue cloth and black velvet, a blue satin scarf, and collar and cuffs of plain white linen

A FEW faithful Americans, defying U-boats, coal-shortage, and many other evils, have kept up the habit of an annual visit to Paris, in spite of the grimness of the times. Those who came in the autumn or winter of 1916, found them grim indeed. Paris was brave, but the strain was obvious. The present year, however, paints a different picture. There is life in the streets, movement and colour in their shifting crowds; the world takes tea again, and even dines, in spite of meatless and cakeless days; in the theatres there is something to bite on, not mere froth for *poilus en permission*—froth which, last winter, reminded one of the foam floating on the surface of a treacherous whirlpool.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER REVITALIZES PARIS

Of course, there is a reason for the change. The American troops are in France. They have been reviewed by high dignitaries in the capital; they have been officially welcomed and fêted. In pairs and little groups these new men in uniform are to be met with continually; khaki shirts and Stetson hats are the only wear. They look extraordinarily competent, these long lean youths, with their fine shoulders, their inches, their serious faces. Enraptured, the Parisian writes to all the newspapers that the type is exactly as he had conceived it; but the little midinette whispers to her bosom friend that she had no idea that they were so handsome, these "Sammees." They look entirely capable of playing a vitalizing rôle among the war-worn forces on the front line. They have done as much for Paris already.

Groups of midinettes lie in wait for them, under the arched doorways of august houses in the rue de la Paix. Two round hats, topping broad khaki-clad shoulders come bobbing down the street. There is a rush—*"Voilà les Sammees!"* They are surrounded, shamelessly surrendering to the first attack, and deluged with invitations to luncheon. The American dough-boy is not used to being invited to luncheon by hatless little sewing-girls, and it usually ends in his going off with two or three on each side, to treat as many of them as his financial condition and wartime prices allow.

The Bois promenade, of a morning, has always been in some sort a review of the mode. Here, too, there is a note of cheerfulness lately. The general impression is still somewhat sombre; dark colours, brown, taupe, black, and blue predominate, but there is also a great deal of gray.

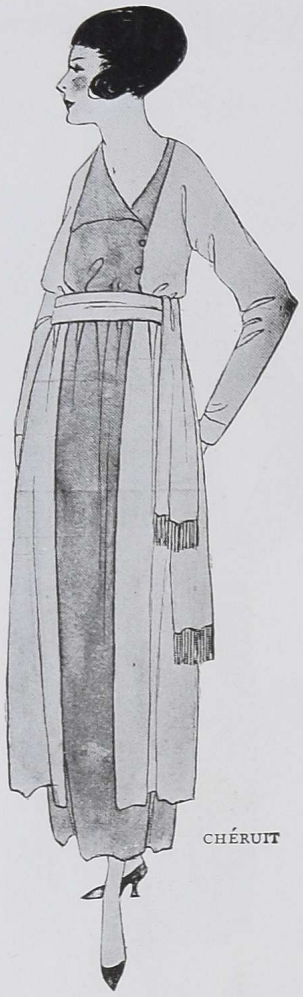
REDFERN

Mlle. Germaine de France finds in "La Femme et son Mari" the opportunity to wear a most bewitching negligée of pink mousseline de soie and satin, with graceful ropes of pearls and amethysts falling below the waist

Gray takes less dye than any other shade, and the matter of dyes continues to be a consideration of prime importance. More coats and dresses than *tailleurs* are seen, probably because they are warmer. For the same reason, everything is smothered in fur. Pelts unknown to furriers before the war now receive as much consideration as sable. Some of them are carefully camouflaged, it is true. Is it merely a coincidence that the vagrant cat has entirely disappeared from public view? Clever dyeing works wonders; witness the kolinsky-dyed squirrel, almost as light and lustrous as the more expensive original which it copies.

THE PARISIENNE IN THE BOIS

As she takes those walks in the Bois, which perforce replace motoring, the Parisienne is often shod with a fabric shoe. Leather, of course, is at a premium. The new Government shoe, which costs about twenty-eight francs for women, a little more for men, and a little less for children, bids fair to absorb all the available leather supply, so the independent manufacturer of shoes is fairly forced to find another material, if he is to remain a shoemaker. Velvet is one substitute; heavy silk is another. There is a



CHÉRUIT

The great war is surely no respecter of persons, and it makes many little maids of fine French family, to be fatherless. These two were photographed while playing in the Jardin de Paris, that great playground in the heart of Paris

CHÉRUIT

As evidence that the mode is still true to the tunic, here is a frock of blue crêpe de Chine, straight and belted with yellow crêpe de Chine, and largely concealed by a tunic of the yellow crêpe

Perhaps the war has made the frocks of Paris gray, for so they are in many cases. One of gray mousseline with embroidery and fur was worn by Mlle. Nelly Cormon in "Petite Reine"

THREE MODELS FROM CALLOT

The theatre is again a medium for giving us the thoughts of the designers; for instance, this bright red satin draped over a frock of red silk jersey is worn by Mme. Rénouardt in "Petite Reine"

The days of Louis XV reappear in a Du Barry frock of pink satin, with corselet of "Nattier" blue, and with lace, ribbon, strass, beads, and garlands of roses, which was worn by Mme. Rénouardt

Mme. Rénouardt wears this demure little frock of white satin, with cuffs and a collar of pink crêpe Georgette, in the play of humour and sentiment, "Petite Reine," now playing at the Théâtre Gymnase

Everywhere, velvet is in the lead. A currant red velvet costume is furred in muskrat and embroidered in silver; it has a semblance of a sash

A coat of tête de nègre velours de laine, black-embroidered and seal-trimmed, is the answer to wintry weather and the Paris mode

All collars are high this year, but the one on this "tailleur" of beige jersey also drops low to provide a muff, lest the hands feel slighted

As "Idleness" in "Plus Ça Change," Mlle. Elyane wears rose velvet pyjamas trimmed in gold lace, with an appliqué lace bertha and a cap

The designer shook silver-embroidered black tulle over black satin and added a velvet bodice and train of robin's egg blue with rose satin

In "Plus Ça Change," Mlle. Elyane adopts oriental modes in a costume of blue and black velvet with strass tassels and shoulder straps of strass

LET US BUILD SHIPS

To That Generosity for Which the French People Render Gratitude to America, France Appeals, Asking for the Further Aid of a Mighty Merchant Fleet

By GERMAIN BAPST

THROUGHOUT all France there has been for a long time an unanimous cry of gratitude to the American nation.

I have travelled all about the country, giving lectures on the cooperation, charitable, financial, and military, of the United States. I have talked to the armies at the front, to various garrisons in the rear; I have spoken in the great industrial centres, to the farming population, and, in the great cities—in Paris, for instance—to the most fashionable world. Everywhere I have found the same enthusiasm, given from the bottom of the heart.

It is particularly to the women and children of the United States that blessings and thanks go forth from the hearts of my people.

AMERICAN CHILDREN AID FRENCH SOLDIERS

I recall the day when I talked to the army of General Gouraud. It was one evening in the month of—— of last year, at Perthes-les-Hurlus, in a sort of enormous shed; it was very cold, and night had already fallen. There were about fifteen hundred officers and soldiers in this shed, and glowing braziers warmed and lighted the place. The faces of the men showed red in the strange light, and the visors of the caps made black bars above their eyes. It was a fantastic vision, an indescribable scene, such as only Goya could have painted.

The audience was profoundly impressed with what I said of the inexhaustible charity of the Americans. But the emotion became deep, communicative, and touching when I told them this story:

"In one little town in the United States there is a school where many of the little daughters of the working men are taught. These little children in their playtime talked constantly about the French soldiers, and all of them tried to find something which they could do to show their admiration and sympathy for them. One of these little girls had one day an idea which was adopted by all of them.

"Each Sunday during the spring, they went in the morning into the fields and woods and gathered flowers; at noon, they brought back their flowers and made them into little bouquets, which they sold at a penny a piece in the streets of the town during the afternoon.

"Thus it was that every Sunday evening during the spring of 1916 the Ambassador of France at Washington received, in a little silk purse which one of the mothers of these little girls had made, the sum which the plucky little flower-girls had collected during the day."

I, myself, was touched by the attitude and expressions of the officers and the soldiers when I told this story, and I shall always remember that moment when all my audience united in gratitude to these little girls in America.

BY AID OF THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE

Another time which I recall was at Paris, before a considerable gathering of maimed soldiers. I had been telling them how the Americans had sent to France automobile ambulances driven and manned by young men from the great universities in the United States. I told them—this was six months ago—that more than eight hundred thousand wounded French soldiers had been transported by these ambulances to the hospitals; that, thanks to this rapid transportation, the surgeons had been able to dress their wounds or to perform operations immediately; and that for more than eighty thousand among these wounded men this had meant the saving of lives which would otherwise have been lost; for if these men had had to wait a little longer for aid, all help would have been useless, as they would have been dead before it reached them.

I emphasized, therefore, in closing my speech, the fact that there were in France more than eighty thousand families who owed it to the generosity and assistance of the generous and brave people of America that they had still a father or a son; and this statement was confirmed when, after my talk, more than fifty soldiers, maimed or seriously wounded, gathered about me: "It is indeed true what you have just told us," many a one said to me. "I myself was taken in an American ambulance, and in forty minutes they had tied up the artery through which I was bleeding to death. Had it been five minutes later, I should have died." —"And I also"—"And I also, and that other man who is over there will tell you the same thing."

And on all sides the men told a thousand details of the circumstances under which these brave men, after having been wounded, had been taken without the loss of a moment to the place where care could be given them. Repeated outbursts of gratitude followed, and the men vied with each other in bringing me new and touching testimony in support of what I had said of the devotion of these young Americans.

AMONG THE ORPHANS OF THE WAR

I would also express my country's appreciation of the care and tenderness with which American women have provided shelter and devoted care for the orphans of the war. I saw one day a group of these children—there may have been twenty of them; they were being taken from an invaded and bombarded country, and they were presented to a wealthy American woman who had created an admirable organization to care for children deprived of all relatives. Among these children were several who had been wounded by the bursting of shells, and whose faces still expressed terror and shock. One of them, wounded in the arm, was the sixth child and the only surviving member of a family of the village of Crouy on the Aisne. Her father, her mother, and her five brothers and sisters had been killed by the same shell which had wounded her and which had burst in their cottage when they were all together.

A month later I saw these same children again; they were in a home leased by the American woman who had received them; they were playing happily and had regained their gaiety and their merry childish ways. This woman had reconstructed a family for them, and for them she was taking the place of parents they had lost. I have often told this story, and every time the response has been expressions of thanks, numberless and touching, for American generosity.

This gratitude of France to America was, of course, yet further increased when the United States came to join us in this battle with barbarity and autocracy.

This great American people has entered the contest without any motive of selfish interest but solely to defend the right, the justice, and the liberty of the nations of the entire world.

The German Emperor and his people, who are one with him, wish to enslave the whole world. The German people believe themselves a superior people, to whom all other nations should render obedience. If the other nations refuse to submit to them, they will punish them and they will compel them by force to obey.

By virtue of the superiority which they claim for themselves, they claim also the right to employ every means, even the most barbarous and inhuman, such as the killing of women and children of warring nations and even of neutral peoples, if they in any way obstruct their plans.

WHAT THE FRENCH PEOPLE ASK OF AMERICA

The American people, with their profound sense of justice, have revolted against such projects and such crimes, and they are fighting to give back liberty to the nations and to bring justice again into the world.

They have come loyally to aid us, we who have been fighting for three years, who have lost hundreds and hundreds of thousands of our children, and whose richest lands are invaded, whose industries are hampered by invasion and deprived of labourers by the mobilization of all our able men, even up to the age of fifty.

With that generosity which is so touching and for which we are so grateful to them, the American people now ask us how they can best serve the cause which is now our common cause, what they should do to win most quickly a decisive victory for civilization over barbarism, for justice over crime, for right over autocracy.

We reply with equal frankness. Under present conditions, in order that aid from America may reach Europe, there must be boats to carry it, in spite of the submarine warfare which the Germans are carrying on with more and more intensity every day.

To this end there is only one means: that is the construction of ships in great numbers.

They can never construct as many as are required to fill all our needs.

THE FUNDAMENTAL NEED—SHIPS

I ask of the American women who may read these lines that they remember that, in order to gain the victory and end this terrible war quickly, we must have a great quantity of ships. They are absolutely necessary, and they will be more and more necessary in the future. We, here in France, what can we do? Our workmen are in the trenches or in the factories which make guns and munitions. We cannot develop shipbuilding on any considerable scale.

The United States, on the contrary, is in a position to rush this work of building ships, and never,—we repeat it and we urge that it be repeated throughout America,—can it construct as many as are needed.

The more ships Americans have, the more they can bring us of food, materials of war, of railway building, and of aviation,—in a word, of all which we lack and which they have long been furnishing us so generously and which they will furnish us yet more abundantly now that they are our allies. Aside from the advantage to France, the possession of an enormous merchant fleet will assure to the United States during, and more especially after, the war, important advantages by reason of the development of commerce which will then gain an immense impetus.

Thus the great increase in the merchant fleet of the United States will not only result in most valuable aid being given to the Allies and particularly to France, but it will also prove a source of wealth to those who have constructed it.

There is, also, yet another reason for rushing the construction of ships. As an actual fact, the American army has already a considerable expeditionary force in France, and each month a new corps of the army will come to increase it.

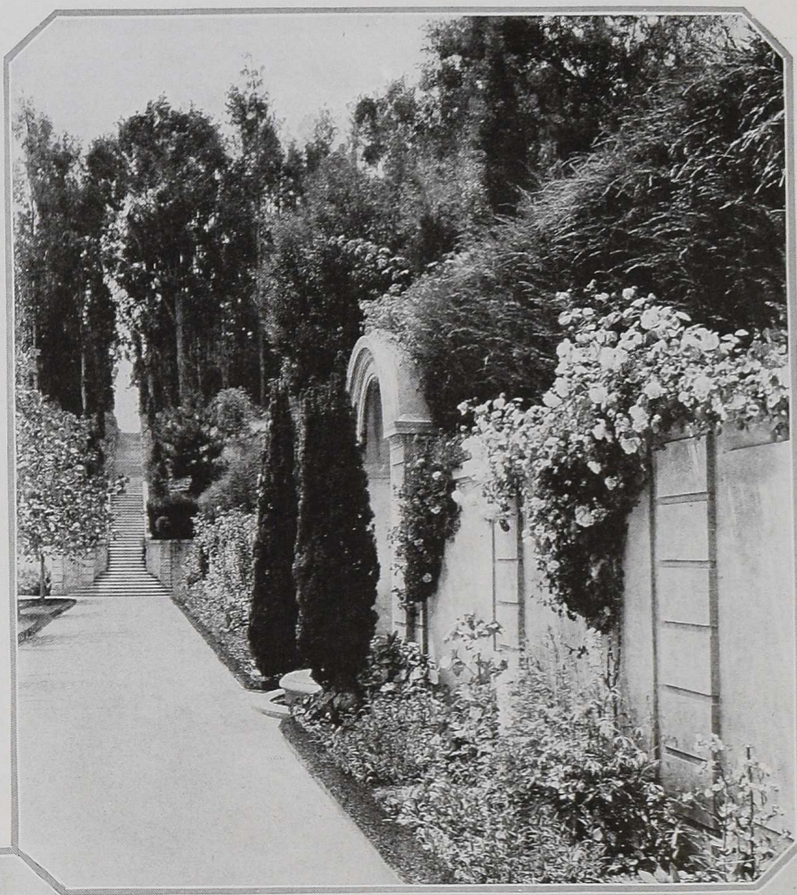
In order to transport these men and, above all, to supply them with all that is necessary for them, America needs a great many ships. If these ships are not constructed very quickly, it

(Continued on page 126)

LOVELY OLD ITALIAN GARDENS INSPIRED THOSE OF MR. JOSEPH D. GRANT AT BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA

LEWIS P. HOBART, ARCHITECT

(Right) In the foothills rising from the San Mateo valley, one of the loveliest of California estates, "Villa Rose," finds a perfect setting. The architectural treatment is simple and dignified throughout. Much of its charm, however, is due to the luxuriance of growing things. Here the climbing rose is at its best in many varieties that are the despair of rose amateurs in less favoured climates. The Caroline Testout, La Marquise, the Gainsborough, the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, (which needs renaming) and the Cecil Brunner perfume the garden with their fragrance and are seen in billowy masses of pink and white on walls and arbours



"VILLA ROSE," A DREAM IN ITALIAN PINK STUCCO, IS A PLACE OF FLOWERS AND WOODLAND HILLS

(Below) The approach to Villa Rose is by a long driveway through all the natural wild beauties of a miniature canyon, and this drive leads to a circuliar forecourt enclosed in pink stucco walls. It is from this court that the most picturesque view of the garden is obtained; through an iron gateway flanked on either side by Irish yews and with sculptured urns set high on the posts, one looks down a broad walk in the distance, to a long flight of stone steps mounting to the highest level. The background is a blending of deep greens, sage, and russet from the eucalyptus trees and native cedars that thickly mass the rising hillside

Frances Benjamin Johnston

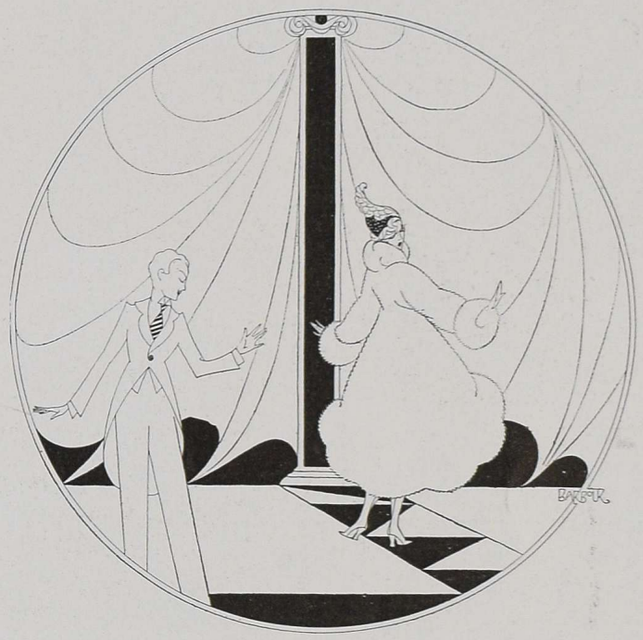
From the house, one looks to the south across the sunken garden, with its long still pool guarded by two curiously carved stone foxes, to the orangerie, also in the soft pink stucco peculiar to old Italian palaces. Broad strips of green turf border the pool, while the pink stucco walks are also flanked by turf, edged with box and set with rose-trees that are glowing masses of colour. Fountains play on the terraces of the orangerie, and skilful planting makes walls, garden, and buildings a harmonious serene whole

The famous gardens of the "Villa d' Este" hold nothing lovelier than the woods of dark evergreens and delicate leaf-bearing trees in silhouette against the sky above the soft pink stucco wall. "Villa Rose" takes its name from the mellow pink stucco of the house, the orangerie, and the walls enclosing the garden. It is a subtle adaptation of the classic Italian design. The house, placed against the hillside, has all the simple dignity of the Italian villa at its best, and about it lie the gardens in a series of terraces

THE WISDOM OF A TRAPPER OF FURS

From the Far North Come Pelts to Suit The Whims of Fashion on Fifth Avenue: The Trapper Advises the Woman Who Buys

By BETTY D. THORNLEY



THE bored little model with the bronze hair turned round and round like a graceful French top. She wore a mink coat that began by kissing the curls at the back of her white neck and ended coincidentally with the bottom of her trim black skirt. It was big of collar and generous as to shoulder-room, and the lower perimetre of it was long enough to serve as an equator for the fashionable world.

"Nova Scotia mink," said the head of the house to his patrons, the big gray-haired man and the little golden-haired débutante, "Nova Scotia mink, the finest in the world."

"Nova Scotia!" the girl said suddenly. "Why, pater, don't you remember, Charlie told us all about it that day at McKibbon Beach?"

FROM FIFTH AVENUE TO NOVA SCOTIA

The white and gold salon faded out. The sophisticated model vanished. And Memory, that Hippodrome stage-manager, slid a long blue lake into the middle distance, a lake with a white beach where little ripples were crushed into slight foam, and bird tracks made hieroglyphics in the warm sand. Far away, across the dancing breeze-tossed expanse up which their canoes had come, the silver threads of the birches tied the faint blue sky to the still blue water. And behind them, under the hemlocks, a little fire made a spot of quick scarlet.

"I reckon these here trout is done," said Charlie, the guide.

Lobsters and shrimp and trout may answer to their names when one asks for them in a New York hotel. But everybody knows that one never eats a real lobster south of Digby Neck, nor a real shrimp north of the New Orleans of Madame Begue. Similarly, though a real trout may be met in a variety of pleasant places, the time must be no longer than half a day after catching, and it is much better if one can make it half an hour. The trout must not be cooked in a pan, but on a long-pointed stick over a clear fire. And to eat him—chop-sticks, if you must, but no metal. Incomparably the best way of all is to take him in hand by the birch stick of his own baking.

Similarly, to go out into the woods and talk merely to the members of one's own party is like covering one's trout with sauce *tartare*. To enjoy the fine edge of the wilderness, one should follow the English custom and make friends with one's guide. He will invariably prove to be a quaint philosopher, a droll story-teller, and, despite the lack of the sauce *tartare*, a charming-mannered gentleman.

"Yes'm," said Charlie reminiscently, as, the trout having been disposed of with relish, he followed luncheon by performing odd tricks with a knife and a bit of dry wood that would later blossom into a delicate-sticked little fan, "this country is some different in winter. I reckon it is. Twenty below, like as not, and a wind that would open a miser's pocketbook. Me and my partner, we trap—otter, mink, fox, weasel, muskrat, and once in a while a bear. We have a hundred-mile route, and we aim to git round it every week.

"Snowshoes? Sure. We'd not go far without them. Old Champlain—he was the Frenchman that come to these parts first—he wrote home and told his king that the Indians could walk over fences and ditches and climb into trees in the winter, because they wore racquets tied to their feet. And that wasn't the only thing he learned from those same Indians. Trappin' was another thing they taught him."

THE FUR TRADE HERE AND ABROAD

The afternoon was young. The faint blue haze that adds the last touch of mystery to all Nova Scotia days hung over the bright lake. Rosalie was in no hurry to get back to Milford after her three weeks' fishing-trip; besides, furs had always interested her. And so it came about that she had her first lesson in peltries from a man who knew the little brooks as he knew the veins on the back of his own hand; who knew the otter roads and the beaver houses as he knew his own small village twenty miles off the railroad; who yet knew nothing of the thrilling history of that same fur trade that for hundreds of years filled Canada with the sounding Battle of the Beaverskins, where the bluff Nor'westers fought the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company until the furred inhabitants of the wild threatened to run up the aurora borealis for safety. Despite the older organization's assertion that the letters of its name stood for "Here Before Christ," the Nor'westers forced it to an amalgamation which lies at the root of the Astor fortune, to say nothing of many another won and lost over night. Since that time, every year, until the war, the choicest furs of

(*Continued on page 122*)

AS SEEN *by* HIM

In Spite of the Fact That This Is a Troubled World, This Is a Good Season for the Opera and Theatre Parties

AND now approaches the merry Yuletide, which we are wont to celebrate a bit previously, and now, also, begins the all-important season of Christmas shopping. Many times have I been asked to discuss the question of suitable gifts for a man. But our wants are few here below, and I am sure you know them by heart. This year, naturally, the list has been swelled by the wants of the boys in camp, on sea, and at the front. If one should take heed of the numerous purveyors of all kinds of comfort kits, our soldiers would be swamped with many useless articles. At this writing, I have reason to believe that the gift ship has already sailed for France, but I am sure there are yet channels left open for further consignments. In camp I always wanted things in flat packages and receptacles. And, prosaically enough, I always yearned for sets of razors with flat flexible strops. However, with the exception of his ties and his cigars, there is nothing a man is more loath to trust to feminine judgment than the selection of razors. In New York, there are certain shops where the cutlery is without reproach. I even know of one which is practically an international institution, and where it was possible to buy a certain brand of Swedish cutlery as well as the most gorgeous gems. The cutlery was most reasonable before the war; you could actually buy a razor for a dollar. I never use cheap razors; in fact, I regard any such purchase as a folly; but I had occasion once to make the trial and found these most satisfactory. Of course, the price has advanced, but not, I think, to a high figure. Perhaps I might suggest scissors, pen-knives with corkscrew, can-opener, and other invaluable small instruments, all in one, or one of those remarkably convenient affairs where you have, in a similar small compass, all kinds of tools. Returning to razors, many say that the choice of a good one is a lottery. However, if you are put to it, and have not a good manservant,—and, naturally, you have only yourself to rely upon in camp—you can manage to hone your razor or put it in condition. No two men strop their razors in the same way. Each of us has rules and traditions and discoveries and individual methods. At one time I thought that for travelling or camping the genus safety-razor was the best. I have returned to the old kind. The safety-razors are in boxes, small, it is true, but so bulky and inconvenient. The razors are made to sell, and the quality of the steel is poor. You remember, in "Over the Top," Empey says there that the English safety-razors supplied to "Tommies" were nothing but dull tin. The American ones, thanks to the steel trust, are better, but, in a dozen, you may only find three or four good ones. There is something personal about your razors; you can make them your friends, if you know how. I would even prefer

(*Continued on page 116*)

Jeanne E. Bennett

MRS. GILBERT L. LUCAS

Mrs. Gilbert L. Lucas, who, before her marriage, was Miss Sarah B. Williams, daughter of Mrs. William S. G. Williams, is one of the most popular young matrons of Baltimore. Mrs. Lucas made her début in 1912, and promptly became one of the belles of the lovely Southern city which was her home—just as her mother had done years before, when, as Miss Julia Bell Deford, she herself was a charming débutante in Baltimore

FIRST AID TO THE INEVITABLE

The Pursuit of The Inevitable is Waste of Energy: If It Is Inevitable, Why Need We Help? Life Has No Thrills for the Fatalist; But Challenge the Inevitable and You Will Find the Unexpected Always Happens

NO one has ever made a corner in good advice. It is the one commodity which is dispersed gratuitously even in war-time. We are continually being offered the benefit of other people's omniscience. We are told to support a movement because it is inevitable; we are told to avoid an action because it is fatal. In short, we are to do things because everybody's doing them. And being gregarious animals, unless our minds happen to be made up, we follow the leader, and as often as not find ourselves in the ditch.

SUCH advice is usually described as common sense. Now common sense is an excellent quality, but it is a bad argument. Indeed, it is the antidote to argument. It is the faculty for seeing things straight and going direct to the point. It is as original as sin. When we are asked to suspend our judgments and do what others do, we are being asked to cancel our common sense.

NOT that such advice is necessarily nonsense. On the contrary, if a face cream or a farce pleased a hundred people, it may please the hundred and first. Therein lies the virtue of advertisement. Similarly, it is often useful to know where a road is leading you: and the signpost may be a saviour. The trouble is that life is not a fixed path, but a stormy sea over which we must voyage as best we may with the aid of stars, and sun, and sextant, regulating our course by taste rather than by time-table.

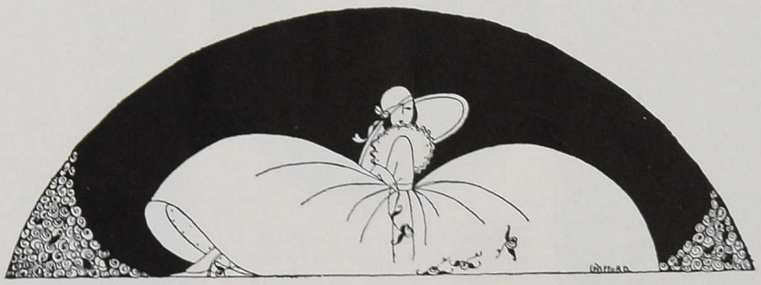
INDEED, as applied to life, the argument that we should humbly follow the path fixed for us by Fate will not bear examination. Why must we support this inevitable movement? Oh, to hasten its success. Then, if we do not support it, we will retard the inevitable? Destiny appears to be both dependent and independent of our will; in which case it were best treated as a neutral and respectfully ignored.

YET, it is hard to convince people that Fate rests in their own hands. The nineteenth century discovered machinery, and was so enchanted by what the machine could do that it tried to make it do everything. The world, the flesh, and the devil all became parts of a complicated mechanism in which the human agents could but play the part of puppets dancing on the strings of destiny.

AN absurd enough fiction, but one which the ambitious and unscrupulous have often turned to their purpose. Saturate a people with this faith in Destiny and they will in time be prepared to eat paving stones. Indeed, the fiction offers so simple and satisfactory an excuse for all the failures of life, that even the strongest minded adopt it on occasion. Fatalism is the most fascinating creed in East and West alike.

BUT though none would grudge anyone such consolation as may be afforded by the thought "It can't be helped," as regards the past, the argument of inevitability is heresy to humanity as regards the future. Even if all were pre-established and pre-ordained, who knows where the thread of Destiny leads? Who is wise enough to foretell the future? It is futile to waste energy in forcing open doors; and if anyone takes the trouble to point out that a door is open, you may safely assume that it should be shut, as doors were meant to be. Whether in love or war, the man who argues that resistance is useless is deceiving either himself or you, and you may safely distrust the honesty of his advice. It is the same of nations. The heroes of history are those who, despite odds, have faced the inevitable and moulded it to their will; the curses of history have been the poltroons who feared their fate too much to put it to the test.

IF, indeed, the wiseacre is correct and the inevitable does happen, those who opposed it are not proved wrong. The brute facts may be against them; but brute facts are not necessarily just or right. There are worse things than being beaten in a good cause. The government of the world is not a smooth progress to perfection; the road has its ups and downs, and many a bruised and broken road-maker lies by the way. So long, therefore, as a thing has got to be done, it is for us to choose *sans peur et sans reproche*. Nothing is inevitable except the past, and even the past can be lived down, as lots of quite respectable people know.



(Right) Florence Nash, thus equipped as to costume and accessories for the rôle of Sonya Marinoff, the little Russian immigrant girl, makes her entry into "The Land of the Free" in the new play of that title. This new comedy by Fanny Hurst and Harriet Ford, deals with the amusing adventures through which the little Russian girl arrives at the unwelcome conclusion that English is born, in the blood, not learned

(Below) This season finds Miss Andrews again on the New York stage and playing the leading rôle in a new comedy, "Seven Days' Leave," which marks the return of Daniel Frohman to the ranks of producers. Despite its brief existence, "Nju," one of the unsuccessful ventures of last season, performed a notable service to the stage by introducing Ann Andrews

(Below) Violet Heming, who won laurels in "The Flame" is now playing the leading rôle in "The Love Drive," by Sydney Rosenfeld. Her earlier appearances were in "Under Fire" and with Margaret Illington in "The Lie." Now that the winter season is fairly opened, new plays jostle each other along Broadway, and one of the newest is this play of Rosenfeld's

Maurice Goldberg

Two photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Helen Falconer as Cicely fills one of the leading rôles in that banisher of dull care, "Jack O'Lantern"

Ira L. Hill

SEEN *on the* STAGE

Great Actors, As Other Great Men, Are More Alive Than the Herd

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON once wrote a noble essay on the "Uses of Great Men"; but, in this disquisition, he neglected to discuss the simplest and the subtlest service that is rendered by great people to the ordinary public. "He is great," said Emerson, "who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others"; and again, "Every one can do his best thing easiest": but the philosopher omitted the important point that any one who does his best thing easily, without reminding us of others, seems always more alive than the common herd of humankind.

Great men are more alive than others; and this is the token of their greatness. Furthermore, the liveliness—to call it so—that tingles in them is a central and creative source of energy that radiates an influence electrical through all of the environing ether. Nothing can be dark that sits unshadowed in the sun; and no human being can be dull when he comes into contact with a super-man. Of any personage who does supremely and superbly any thing that ordinary people find it difficult to do, it may be said, in the Biblical phrase, that "a virtue goes out of him." Because he feels himself to be alive, he communicates unconsciously a sense of life to many other people who seemed dead before he walked among them.

WHAT PERSONALITY IS

No ordinary person, however weary he might be, could continue to feel tired in the company of Colonel Roosevelt. This dynamic personage is always sparkling with liveliness sufficient to enkindle the surrounding multitude. When such a person speaks, it may be possible to disagree with him; but it can never be possible to remain deaf to what he says. The opponents and the enemies of Colonel Roosevelt admit his greatness; because the evidence is mathematical and might be counted in their quickened pulse-beats.

Great men can never be mistaken or ignored. "By their works ye shall know them," if it be possible to watch them at their work, or to study—after many years or centuries—their easily accomplished products: but, otherwise, it is always possible to recognize them by their very presence. Something clutches at your throat and squeezes tears into your eyes. It is a recorded fact of history that one day, when Abraham Lincoln was gazing out of a window of the White House, he turned suddenly to Secretary Stanton and said, "There goes a man!" His eyes had been attracted by a casual pedestrian that he had never seen before. This man was Walt Whitman,—the greatest American, with the single exception of Lincoln himself, that has ever yet been born.

The thing to be admired among men is greatness; and, wherever greatness undeniably exists, there is no time to quarrel about minor questions of degree or quality. Whoever can do any tiny thing, however trivial, more perfectly than any other person in the world is admitted, by this token, to the fraternity of greatness. Nearly twenty years ago, it was my privilege to meet a bootblack in Detroit whose name I never asked but whose eyes I shall never forget. My shoes were very shabby as I mounted his throne; for they had not been shined since I had left New York. He went to work upon them with a will: and, when he had finished, "Can they do that better in the east?" he asked, and, "No!" I answered. "That's because I put my soul into it," he said. This was an Italian boy, with a face like those that Ghirlandaio loved to paint, many centuries ago, in Florence; and he will never see this printed paragraph that celebrates his glory; but he made me feel alive, one little moment, nearly twenty years ago; and I wish, now, that I knew his name.

Whatever sits in moonlight is lighted by the moon and silvered into poetry; and whoever comes into contact with a super-person is tingled, for the moment, into life. The recipient imagination leaps upon the back of Pegasus; for like calls out to like, and a great person unconsciously requires us to greet him sympathetically with a kindred greatness. We ascend to something better than our ordinary self when we encounter the greatest maker of poems or of pies that happens to be living in our world. These encounters add a cubit to our stature, and send us back to our customary tasks "eager to labour and eager to be happy."

The mystic force called "personality" is nothing but an aura that is worn by people who can do some single thing extremely well and with consummate grace. Personality is always charming and enlivening; and the application of its power is not at all dependent on the exercise of that particular proficiency in which the person who attracts us may excel. Great people are not called upon to prove their greatness. Sarah Bernhardt, at the age of three and seventy, can no longer slink about the stage with that agile grace, as of a panther, that some of us remember: in fact, because of her amputated leg, she cannot walk at all. When the curtain rises, she is now disclosed reclining on a couch or seated in a chair; and only at the climax does she climb to her feet—with obvious assistance—and thereby send a shudder through the audience. But her triumph comes early, at the very rising of the curtain, before she has made a movement, before she has uttered a single syllable with the shattered remnants of a voice that once was golden: for the audience immediately knows — without asking or waiting for any evidence—that this is one of the great women of the world. There are cheers and there are tears; for greatness is rare, and demands the sounding of sennets and the pouring of libations.

ANOTHER GREAT MAN

Journeys are measured by mile-stones; and our journey through life is measured by those moments when we have been quickened into momentary greatness by contact with great people. The game of base-ball lost a glory when Christopher Mathewson retired from the practise of that craft in which, for more than a decade, he had been supreme. There used to be tense moments at the Polo Grounds when "Matty" was called upon, in the ninth inning, to save a game that was turning against the "Giants." To see him walk out to the centre of the diamond was, in itself, a big event, before he pitched a single ball. He radiated dignity, serenity, self-confidence, and poise, and inspired a helter-skelter crowd of ten or twenty thousand with a sudden sense of ancient Greece and Doric temples standing solid in the sun. His greatness was a gift to the community; for here was a man who did a thing supremely well and did it without evidence of effort.

To be a great base-ball player is more impressive than to be a mediocre painter, a second-rate statesman, or an ordinary author. It is nobler to be able to beat the world at some plebeian task, like the sewing on of buttons, than to be an inefficient king or a defeated general. This the public always knows, without asking any questions; and nobody is certain or is worthy of applause unless he can do at least some little thing that he was born to do by nature, more perfectly than that thing can be done by anybody else. But such a person seems to be transfigured by the central and essential source of energy that lives within him; and this transfiguration easily includes whoever comes within the circle of its radiation. The service of great people to the public may be summed up in the saying that whoever looks upon or listens to them is always lifted, for the moment, out of mediocrity

Alice Boughton

This is the way Yvette Guilbert looks as Pierrot, the god of Columbine, a new rôle which she has added to her repertoire

Yvette Guilbert says: "My Pierrot will be a symbol rather than a personality. My modern Pierrot, will, Christ-like as it were, express his suffering at the sight of humanity, of masculine egotism, of man's cruelty in life . . . in love, of his lack of conscience.

"In an ardent vision, my Pierrot comes face to face with Christ—and the Christ sees again in Pierrot's soul all the suffering that He underwent in ages gone by when He dreamed of being the Saviour of Humanity. My Pierrot expresses this phase through the great works of the poet, Jehan Rictus.

"Then my Pierrot, in hope of finding help, appeals to woman. Deception after deception at last forces him to recognize that what is called love is but bestiality. Then he pleads for chastity, fraternity, for the forgetfulness of the flesh. He tries to find a spiritual love—a love purified of all sensuality. But he has to fight against the eternal Eve incarnate in every woman; and then he expresses, in beautiful poems by Jules La Forgue, his disgust for feminine tricks and entanglements, his disgust for their fragility, for their vanity, for the fashion of their appearance and the fashion of their thoughts, and then my Pierrot, out of the bitterness of his experience, asks himself why, if woman is content with the conquest of such low passion, if she can strive for and win and satisfy her soul with only that,—why should man struggle to give her a greater, better, purer love? And Pierrot weeps at his futile hope of the realization of his dream: The Purification of Humanity."

and required to ascend to the height of the occasion.

It is no longer necessary to shout, "Wake up, America!"; for Harry Lauder has come back among us, to sing us into life. This famous entertainer of the music-halls was always a great artist: but he is now a great man.

HARRY LAUDER

On the evening of October 22, the Lexington Opera House—which is one of the largest theatres in New York—was crowded from the floor to the roof. Hundreds of people were standing up, and hundreds of other people had been turned away. This vast audience sat respectfully through a vaudeville programme of five preliminary numbers provided by Mr. William Morris. At last the orchestra struck up with a medley of familiar Scottish airs, and there came a quickened sense of something wonderful about to be.

And then the miracle occurred. A little stocky man in a red kilt came trotting on the stage, and turned the funniest of faces to the footlights; and the whole enormous auditorium exploded with volley after volley of applause and the high shrill shriek of cheers. It was a long, long time before this thunderous initial roar subsided; but, when he could be heard, the funny little red-faced man proceeded to sing a song, with the refrain, "I'm going to Marry 'Arry, on the Fifth of Jan-u-ary." There was no art in the words and very little in the music; but there was great art in the rendering. The audience shouted with laughter; and every laugh came precisely at the pre-determined moment, with the full power of three thousand pairs of lungs behind it.

Then came other songs; and the stocky little man, who had made that whole vast theatre-full of people laugh as one, soon made them weep as one, and ultimately made them sing as one. His third or fourth number was a new song, which nobody had ever heard before; but, when Harry Lauder came to the refrain, he heard it taken up and hummed by hundreds and hundreds of voices in the auditorium. Then he paused; and, with consummate tact, he deliberately rehearsed the audience in the proper handling of the chorus, so that, when he came again to the refrain, the very walls resounded with the singing of a thousand happy people. These people had come to enjoy the art of Harry Lauder; but the great man had given them a greater gift by teaching them to enjoy themselves.

Through all of this, the present writer retained sufficient critical intelligence to perceive the artist's mastery of rhythm and of tempo, his marvellous sense of the emphasis of pause, and his genius for taking immediate advantage of every unforeseen reaction of the audience. He never said or sang a word too little or too much; he never overworked a laugh nor allowed a tear to dry and be forgotten. But these are minor matters: for art, however brilliant, must take second place to life, and it was life itself that Harry Lauder flung full-fingered through the auditorium. When calls for encores came, it was, "Harry, sing us this!" and, "Harry, sing us that!"; for he was only Harry now, and hundreds of people were shouting loud the titles of the songs that they desired.

There were many, many calls for "Wee Hoose Among the Heather," but Harry paused before he rendered it. "That's nae mair a song," he said, "it's a hymn now"; and then he told how he had sung it lately before fifteen thousand Scottish troopers at Arras. He sang it again in the Lexington Theatre; but it sounded now as if all Scotland had burst spontaneously into song.

And then the audience began to see the transfiguration of a great artist into a great man; for something has happened to the Harry Lauder that we used to know; and it is this:—Death has touched

(*Continued on page 100*)

Nora Bayes has just returned from a long tour of concerts for the benefit of our soldiers, and now we have her in vaudeville again

White

Two photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Billie Allen is appearing in the leading rôle in "Furs and Frills," a musical comedy made from the farce of last year called "Coat Tails"

In "Fanny's First Play," Elisabeth Risdon made her début in this country as Fanny, and now she is playing the rôle of Hypatia in Shaw's "Misalliance"

THE STORY *of* HERO LAND *and the* FORTY CHARITIES

Wonders from Far and Near and the Whole Marvellous City of Bagdad Are at the Allied War Charities Bazaar

COSTUMES DESIGNED AND SKETCHED BY MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY

This Balkan lady wears a futurist bodice of blue, green, and purple rising-suns, with red and green trousers, and red tassels and heels on her military boots

The black and white leopard dancer has taken the yellow from her groundwork and concentrated it all in the cockade of her hat and in her slinky slippers

AS the Society pages of the New York papers might have remarked, if they'd been frivolous enough, "There is only one well-known woman who has not been seen at the Allied War Charities Bazaar this week. And that is the Statue of Liberty,—unavoidably detained."

If there had been such a loathly creature as a Zeppelin observer, swung above the topmost reach of the metropolitan midnight glare, he would have been sorely puzzled to account for the actions of Manhattan lately. Everything and everybody that he'd ever heard of seemed to be congregating in one spot. First, a week or so ago, a submarine crawled painfully along Lexington Avenue—yes, madam, a *submarine*. A little later, one of those nightmare abortions that the British call "tanks" waddled in the same direction—a land-ship trailing its brother of the sea.

Then, bit by bit, by night and by day, by motor truck, by limousine, by hand, all the treasures of Bagdad the Marvellous were brought to the same great steel-and-concrete, many-storeyed chest that had swallowed the tank and the submarine—the Grand Central Palace, home of many previous spectacles, and present home of the Allied War Charities Bazaar, better known as "Hero Land." The wonders of the world followed—streets and crowded streets of them. A French ballroom bloomed by magic, a ballroom that Louis XVI might have planned. Whole stairways of enormous size and wondrous colour appeared in the building overnight. And endless boxes of lesser things were emptied in gorgeous profusion—a costly Russian sable coat next door to some quaint peasant handiwork.

Last of all came one man. He hadn't a band, or even an armed escort. But he was a king for all that—Abrazard of Paris, London, Monte Carlo, the most famous chef in the world, loaned, like a battleship or a work of art, by the government of his native France.

New York, with its hundred war charities, led by Mrs. William Astor Chanler, Mrs. Charles H. Marshall, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney—and Mr. John Moffat, of course, without whom nothing of the sort could think of accomplishing itself—felt that it would like to give the Allies a little trifle of a million dollars. Hence the mammoth Bazaar to which England contributed the submarine and the tank—real ones, if you please, scarred with service—while France, characteristic as ever, sent the theatre and the chef.

Do you wonder that nobody in New York plans to go uptown or downtown for three weeks, unless it simply can't be avoided? Every one wants to go across town, to the Allied Bazaar, where every one stays as long as every one's money holds out; after which, every one goes home, to reappear next evening as eager as ever.

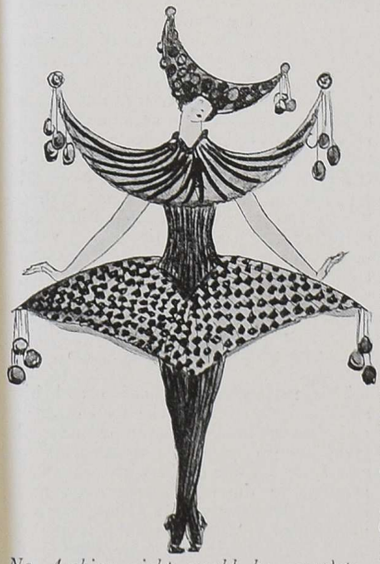
There is one unprecedented feature of the affair, and that is that one's money lasts just as long as one had planned it should last, since none of the charities are allowed to solicit aid outside their own booths. On Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's Bagdad floor, where it was feared that patriotic débutantes would be hard to hold in check when it came to securing marksmen for the Union des Arts shooting-gallery, or stockholders in the War Babies' automobiles, the laws have been scrupulously observed. Perhaps—who knows?—there may have been a dark and veiled warning in a certain Ali Baba jar which forms such a squat and brilliant part of the decoration. There are forty charities — just forty — represented on the floor. Is it possible that Mrs. Whitney has issued instructions to Scheherezade, Zobeida, Marjanah and all the rest of the houris who throng the oriental shops? Beseeching from one's window is legitimate. But to venture into the road in search of patriotic prey—well, you remember what happened to forty other freebooters in Bagdad.

But to begin at the beginning—

When one has exhausted the shivers of the underground region where the trenches lie—real trenches, battle-torn, and lit appropriately in the made-over basement of the building, below the machine-gun rattle of the streets and the barrage roar of the railroad tracks; when one has dined, perhaps with Abrazard; when one has listened to a lecture or a concert, seen a play in the French theatre, looked at moving-pictures hailing from the Italian Alps or the Somme flats, and met King Solomon and Balkis the Beautiful in the streets of Jerusalem—all under one

(*Continued on page 120*)

Charity covers a multitude of miracles at the Grand Central Palace, not least of which is Bagdad-on-the-Subway, with One Thousand and One Scheherazades and their attendant Arabian Knights



No Arabian night would be complete without its moon. Diana from Bagdad has a green and crimson colour scheme, with triangles of dripping purple stars

The man-at-arms wears blue and red checkerboard Turkish trousers, and a yellow and blue coat, with a broad blue sash, and hair à la Greenwich Village

A R T

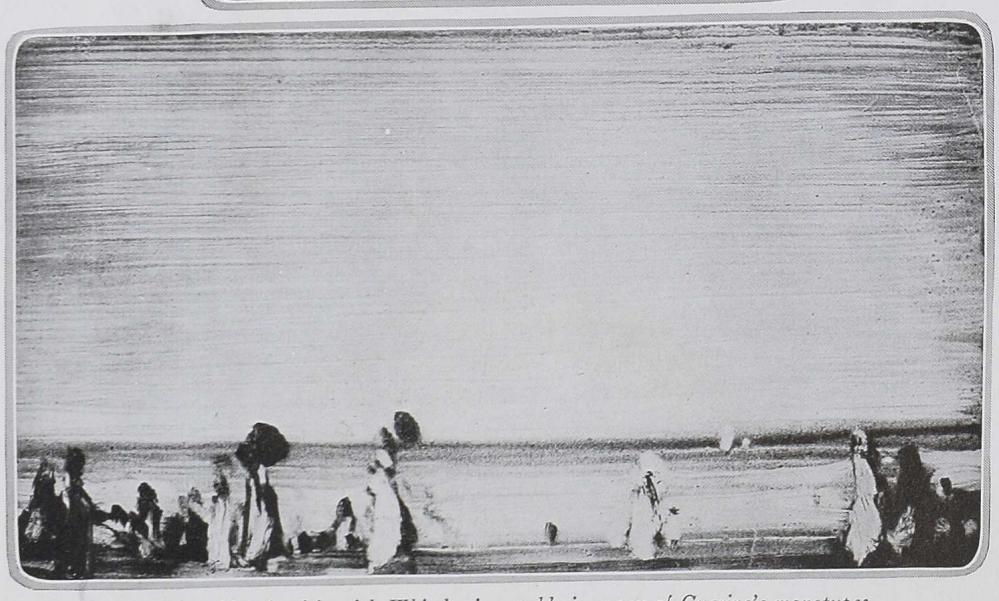
Much in the spirit of Israels and with something of the naïve sincerity of Chardin, the great French painter of humble life, has the modern Dutchman, Kever, painted the "Domestic Cares" recently on view at the National Arts Club

(Right) The real truth about the maligned monoprint may be seen in the work of Guarino, at the Kraushaar galleries,—radiant bits of colour, more durable than water colour or canvas and delicately sensitive as an etching

For directness, elimination of the non-essential, and keen portrayal of character, no one of the great Dutch masters could surpass this artist of ancient China, whose work is in the exhibition of Chinese art at the Montross gallery

THERE prevails among laymen and even to a regrettably large extent among artists and dealers—who ought to know better—an unfortunate misconception as to the real nature and possibilities of the monotype or monoprint, and this does serious wrong to that exquisite and individual form of art. The layman correlates monotype with monochrome, holds it to be the nearest synonym for monotony, and thinks of a dull affair all grayed browns and indeterminate muddiness; while the average artist thinks of his own attempts or those of fellow artists, in idle moments, to play with this process in a hit or miss fashion, which, nevertheless, sometimes chances on an unusually pleasing result.

There are a few artists, however, who have taken this process seriously—no less seriously than one takes painting or etching—and have studied to develop the possibilities inherent in this particular art medium. Among these artists is Guarino, whose works, recently on view at the Kraushaar galleries, make it plain that a monoprint may be a delightful and complete work of art, the visible record of a perfectly expressed, though fleeting, emotion, and may attain effects which can not be accomplished through any other medium.



A fellowship of spirit with Whistler is notable in many of Guarino's monotypes or, as with somewhat more of exactness he prefers to call them, his monoprints

THE CASE FOR THE MONOPRINT

Briefly, the making of a monoprint consists of painting a landscape, portrait study, or what you will, in reverse, in oils upon a metal plate. This painting is then printed, after the manner of an etching, on paper; but the process differs from the making of an etching in that the plate is not incised and a single printing completely removes the design from the plate. Thus a monoprint is a unique work of art in the same sense that a painting or a water colour is, whereas thirty or even many more prints may be made from an etching plate.

In point of durability, the monoprint is less subject to deterioration than either the water colour or the painting on canvas, and in its combination of oil paint on paper, it attains effects not to be gained by any other process,—a pastel quality widely different from any attainable in oils on canvas, combined with a depth and definition not to be found in the pastel medium and a richness of colour not possible in an etching. It is possible to carry out the painting in the utmost detail, working over the plate until the desired result is attained, and the possibilities for delicacy and definition of line are second only to those of the etching.

In the hands of Guarino, the monoprint, as he prefers to call that print in oils which is more commonly recognized as a monotype, is a medium of immense versatility. At times as delicate and definite in line as an etching, done with a few swift lines, it is, at the next moment, an affair of broadly laid colour with a texture and quality seldom found in water colour and with all the richness of work in oil. Again, it gives the simple mass of landscape seen through sheets of rain, which blot out detail and leave only an impression of mass and wetness.

Gabriel Moulin

A true artist, says Van Essen, can paint with his nose. His left hand produces works as brilliant as those of the right hand he has lost

THE MONOPRINTS OF GUARINO

This versatility of Guarino and his ability to express what he feels directly and freshly in fresh clear colour and vivid interpretation give to his work in monoprint a value far beyond that which attaches to the exploitation of a new medium, however clever. His great admiration of Whistler is plainly visible in much of his work, an elusive kinship of spirit, as in the delicate "Lidda" or "The Beach," with its Japanese effect of figures as bits of brilliant colour against the flat

(*Continued on page 112*)

MAKERS of MUSIC

The Phenomenal Musical Season in the Large Cities Is Evidence of the Influence of Art in Time of Stress

By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

IT is a curious sensation which one receives as one visits the concert halls these days. The scene is one of unwonted liveliness and bustle. Instead of a scene in war times, this looks like a carnival. At three o'clock of a Sunday afternoon, a long line of eager persons may be seen standing two or three abreast in front of Carnegie Hall waiting for an opportunity to snap up such stray tickets for the day's recital as may have been unclaimed or returned at the last minute. They are almost unruly in their eagerness, these pleasure-thirsty people. Within the hall the huddled thousands may be seen straining to catch the last drop of beauty that drips from a sentimental violinist's bow. This is no extraordinary concert. It is only the usual recital of an established artist. Even those whose reputations are still in the making draw interested audiences far in excess of last season's numbers. And everywhere there is evident a pathetic craving to lose the sense of the present, to depart from this nightmare world that seems never able to get its differences untangled, into the clear and reasonable world of art. This does not imply that America is deaf to the significance of the present hour. It suggests rather that the impulse of America is to show its best face to the world. Sober apprehension, patient suffering, even agonized terror are here, but they hesitate to reveal themselves. It is a good Anglo-Saxon tradition that suffering should be concealed. Indeed, all sorrow seeks seclusion. Modern warfare does not show us a city in which the mourners go about the streets and the daughters of music are brought low. This is "an undramatic war," and the civilians in it love to pretend that life is going on as usual, while the silent machine grinds underneath. The daughters of music sing lustily in each of the warring capitals, and eager thousands throng to hear them. Let none expect to be told that "all amusements have given place to the more serious concerns of the time." In the larger cities the concerts of the present season are going to be the most numerous, the most populous, that have yet been recorded. Outside New York, Boston, Chicago, and the few other cities of chief importance, however, the outlook is by no means so glowing. Indeed, things look rather less promising than in previous seasons. In many of the smaller music centres, choruses and orchestras of long standing have been given up; and the bookings for solo artists are considerably fewer. The outlook of prosperity is entirely local.

In the larger cities, the mere announcements indicate that the season is to be a good one. Already the two great opera companies of the country have begun their seasons, with a list of new works and new singers longer, if not more propitious, than ever. The Metropolitan announces six pieces new to American audiences, together with new and presumably improved settings for two or three more. There are to be a round dozen of new singers, of whom Hipolito Lazaro, a Spanish tenor from La Scala, promises most. And there is to be a new spirit behind the footlights. Joseph Urban, who has too long been knocking at the door of the Metropolitan (he is the logical art director if ever there was one) has at last been engaged to design the scenery and costumes for several of the new operas in his imposing and glowing manner.

A more unusual announcement comes from Mr. Campanini, who once amazed all New York with his energy as director at the old Manhattan Opera House. Mr. Campanini will bring the Chicago Opera Company to the Lexington Avenue Theatre for four weeks, beginning the latter part of January. With him will come a goodly number of eminent singers wholly new to New York (in opera, at least) and six unfamiliar operas. At the head of the roster stands Amelita Galli-Curci, whose preliminary fame has outdistanced even that of Titta Ruffo half a dozen years ago. Twice last spring, New Yorkers journeyed miles to hear her in out-

(*Continued on page 106*)

© Ira L. Hill

(Upper middle) Anna Case has, this season, achieved a reputation that should establish her as one of the great Lieder singers of America

(Below) Maggie Teyte sang in New York early in the present season in the San Carlo Opera Company, and with tremendous success

© Victor Georg

The long-expected Galli-Curci comes to New York with the Chicago Opera Company this year

(Left) Mischa Elman has a mysterious legata tone, like the dominant theme of one of Poe's tales

Two photographs © Strauss Payton

THE PIQUANT PETS OF YESTERYEAR

Where Are Those Dear Dead Loves of Bygone Days,—the Pensive Wombat, the Languid Lizard, and the Cheerful Hyena?

By ANNE HERENDEEN

NOT that one of us would be disloyal in thought or deed to the celestial princes and princesses of present-day petdom—I couldn't bring myself to write another word of this piece if I thought it could elicit the tiniest squeak or the softest growl from a reigning Pom or chow or Pekinese. But, just the same, they were delightful—those piquant pets of yesteryear! Where are they now? May we not hope (be quiet, Sun Knong, of course you will always be first and dearest) that in the coming golden age "after the war" there may be a renaissance of fancy and a renimbling of wit in the choice of four-footed mitigators of our ennuyé hours?

ROSSETTI AND HIS DINNER-GUESTS

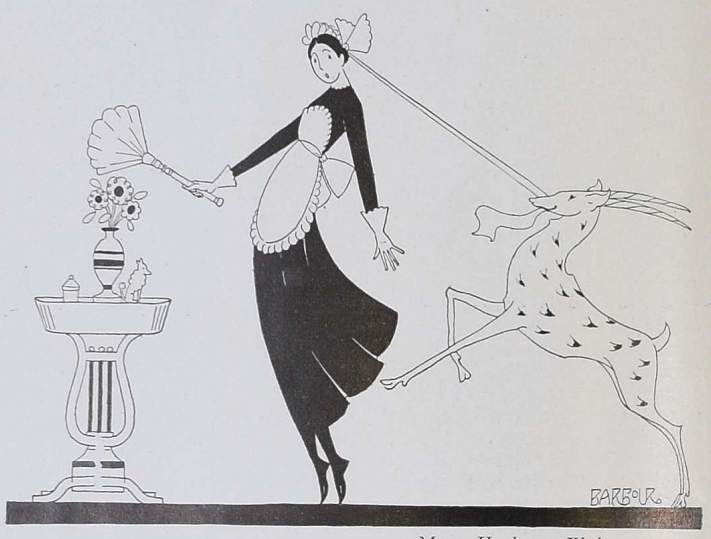
I rather think it was Rossetti, though many people swear it was Bernhardt and her leopard, who was responsible for the "open door" of the eighties which let into the best drawing-rooms so many droll folk from the forests and jungles of every corner of the world. Dear absurd Dante Gabriel and his Christmas visit to the Zoo! There it was that he met his wombat, later moderately described by his master as "A Joy, a Triumph, a Delight, a Madness." Subsequently one encountered at the painter's dinners dormice, hedgehogs, marmots, armadillos, moles, parrakeets, jackdaws, salamanders, and a zebu (who eventually alienated himself from Rossetti by treeing him). Of this cheerful crew, it was the wombat who held the place of honour—literally, very often, in the centre of the dinner table,—though Rossetti often sighed for "an attractive young elephant," which persistently haunted his fancy.

"But why an elephant?" queried his prosaic friends.

"Why not?" Rossetti would reply. "But, indeed, if you want a reason, I could train him to stand outside and wash the windows. People passing would inquire, 'Who lives in that house—the one with the elephant washing the windows?' Someone would tell them, 'Oh, a painter, called Rossetti.' 'Well,' the curious ones would reply, 'I think I should like to buy one of that man's pictures.'"

Speedily after this was the world of art and of fashion made safe for the most democratic collection of pets ever admitted to society. The dignified singer of "The Last Ride Together," though recognizing the charms of the larger species, went in for portable pets, and feminine London learned not to scream when a bright-eyed toad or a languid lizard came out of a pocket along with Mr. Browning's handkerchief.

In the meantime, there was the episode of Lady Richard Burton's hyena, which strayed into her adored husband's reception room when the French and Russian consuls were calling. Lady Burton, in search of her pet, came upon the distressed dignitaries sitting curled up on their legs, holding resolutely on to their sticks, while the hyena sat opposite them, informally licking his chops. Only the hostess's unfailing wit and charm prevented most unfortunate international complications. Similar stimulating incidents are related of Lady Hornby's wild jackal.



Mrs. Herbert Vivian was mistress of a frolicsome gazelle whose favourite matutinal sport was the tweaking off of the housemaid's cap

Only bonbons and the choicest bits of conversation, administered with unceasing devotion, kept the bereaved kangaroo from pining quite away

Then followed the débutantes of the nineties with their pigs. The porcine passion raged with equal fervour on both sides of the Atlantic. The Countess of Suffolk confined herself to guinea-pigs, and Mme. Duval of Dijon had a wild boar, but the younger set swore by the genuine article. The pace was set by one "Bijou," who hailed from Tunbridge Wells, and who was alleged to have "a coat of pure gold, long and curly, with sweet black touches about the feet." Bijou was washed and groomed daily and carefully and was lovingly fed on bread and milk or cakes and sweets and cream.

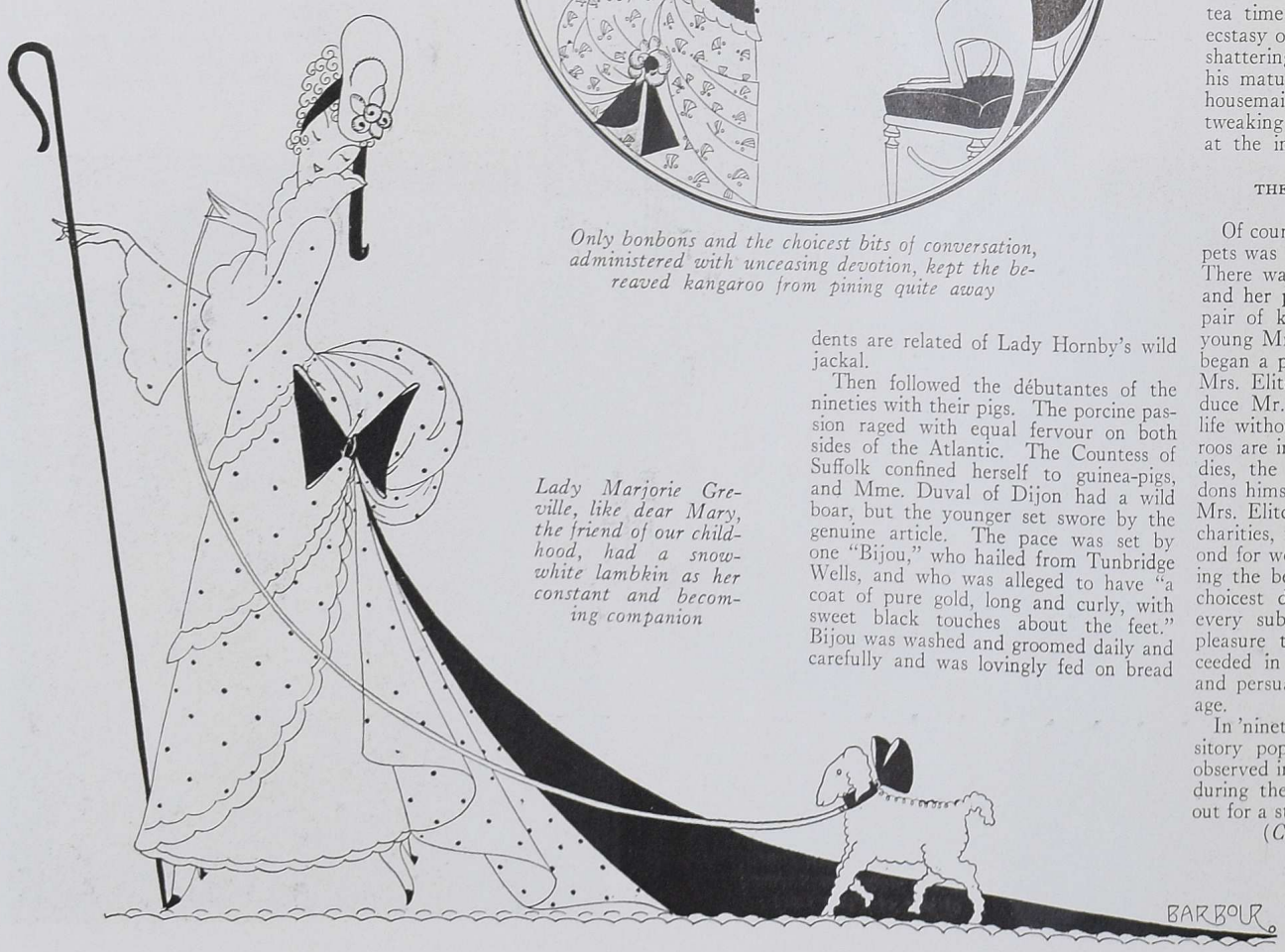
At about the same time, Mrs. Herbert Vivian was given a silver-footed gazelle for a playmate. For sheer frolicsomeness, it seems there is absolutely nothing in the world like the gazelle. Mrs. Vivian declared that hers was possessed of "simply inexhaustible charm." One of his cutest tricks consisted in biting his mistress's shoe-laces in two, while she was breakfasting. He adored poking his slender head under a helpless guest's elbow at tea time and would bound away in an ecstasy of glee at the sound of her teacup shattering upon the floor. Chief among his matutinal delights was following the housemaid about as she dusted, and tweaking off her cap with a sudden pull at the intriguing long streamers.

THE SORROWS OF A KANGAROO

Of course, life with one of these various pets was not always one long sweet song. There was poor Mrs. Elitch, of Denver, and her pathetic experience. She had a pair of kangaroos. All went well until young Mrs. Kangaroo was taken. Then began a period of the tensest anxiety for Mrs. Elitch. Would she be able to induce Mr. Kangaroo to go on enduring life without his adored spouse? Kangaroos are intense monogynists. When one dies, the mate almost invariably abandons himself to his grief and pines away. Mrs. Elitch gave up everything, society, charities, friends, and devoted every second for weeks to the business of distracting the bereaved one. She fed him the choicest dainties and talked to him of every subject under the sun. It is a pleasure to know that she finally succeeded in rousing him from his despair and persuaded him to live to a ripe old age.

In 'ninety-eight, turtles enjoyed a transitory popularity and might have been observed in Hyde Park and Central Park, during the sunny hours of the morning, out for a stroll on silken leashes and wear-

(*Continued on page 126*)



Lady Marjorie Greville, like dear Mary, the friend of our childhood, had a snow-white lambkin as her constant and becoming companion

© Underwood & Underwood

Miss Adele Brown and her sister, Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce, were among the spectators at the Red Cross Pageant held on Mr. Roland R. Conklin's estate, "Rosemary Farm," at Huntington, Long Island. Mrs. Bryce was Miss Angelica Brown before her recent marriage

© Underwood & Underwood

Mrs. Joseph E. Widener, of Philadelphia, and her very best companion, "Pally," enjoy the walks among the hills that surround the Greenbrier, at White Sulphur Springs

© International Film Service

Miss Rhoda Fullam, of San Francisco and Washington, and Mrs. William Thaw, 3rd, of New York and Pittsburgh, are just starting out for a stroll from the Homestead, at Hot Springs — that delightful resort which is located in the heart of the mountains of Virginia

Kadel and Herbert

Mrs. Jay Gould, Mr. William Payne Thompson, Mrs. Taylor White, and Mrs. William Payne Thompson were eager spectators at that exciting autumn meet of which the sensational race for the Harbor Hill cup was a feature, at Piping Rock, Locust Valley, Long Island

© Western Newspaper Union

LONG ISLAND AND VIRGINIA WERE CLOSE

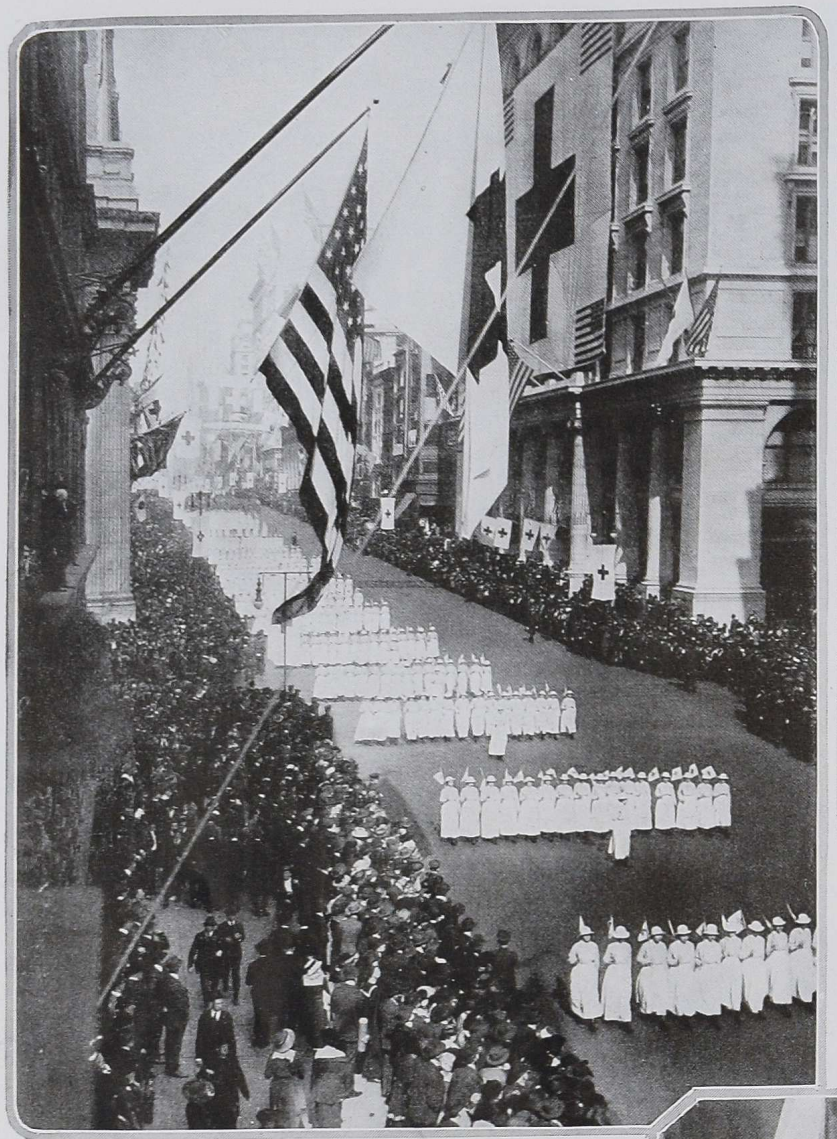
RIVALS FOR THE FAVOUR OF SOCIETY

DURING THE EARLY AUTUMN DAYS

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt and Mrs. William Woodward were among the guests of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, donor of the Harbor Hill Cup, at the Piping Rock races, and later at Harbor Hill, Mr. Mackay's country place

Mrs. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen and Mrs. Eric S. Winston were two of the younger members of the Long Island set who attended the first of the two fall race meets which were held at Piping Rock

Kadel and Herbert



For the impressive Red Cross parade on October fourth, flags decked Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to Fifty-ninth Street. Every lamp-post had its white banner with the red emblem

Paul Thompson

Mrs. Courtlandt D. Barnes, Mrs. Charles E. Hughes, Mrs. James F. Curtis, Mrs. George F. Baker, junior, and Miss Virginia D. H. Furman raised the huge flag in front of the Liberty Loan headquarters

SOCIETY WOMEN ARE IN ACTION FOR OUR CAMPS, RED CROSS, AND LIBERTY LOAN

Three photographs © Western Newspaper Union

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman has trained several hundred women in ambulance driving since last spring. Her daughter, Miss Ethel Harriman, is an earnest worker in war relief in Europe

Mrs. John Purroy Mitchel, an impressive figure among some twenty thousand women in the Red Cross parade, marched at the head of a New York contingent

© American Press

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior, and General J. F. Bell, at the new Camp Upton recreation building, for which Mrs. Vanderbilt and some of her friends raised the necessary funds

And now we have a short-sleeved Hudson seal coat. Where the sleeves end, the pockets get in their work; that is, there are slit pockets on either side of the coat, and you just put your arms in them and wear the coat sans sleeves, sans muff, and sans cold. All of the edges of the coat are outlined in dyed muskrat, and it fastens at the collar with three seal buttons

This is one of the smartest thing seen this year; it is of tha usual fur, silver-haired is trimmed with a of Hudson seal on trim N wide po on h

MODELS FROM A. JAECKEL

From the back, this Hudson seal coat looks like a wide stole across the shoulders, and in front it looks like a short jacket,—which it is. Sleeves of this little coat may be unfastened where they snap around the arms, and then they do actually form a flat stole that may be wrapped around the body. The lining is of a lovely printed chiffon

SOME FUR COATS GROW SMARTER AS THEY GROW SHORTER,—THAT IS, IF THEY ARE THE RIGHT COATS

WHEN you first see some of the new fur coats this year, you think, "Oh, didn't they get short," and then you mentally add, "And smart, too."

It's curious that cutting a coat off all around the bottom should add to its smartness, but it does,—that is, if it's a coat of the right sort of fur, and if the lines are right. You see, they are making these little coats for sports and country wear, and for general wear outside of the motor. They are usually of some short-haired durable fur like leopard, muskrat, or that rare and astonishingly pretty fur, silver-haired seal. It is not at all like its name—seal. You imagine it soft and black, but it is like soft silver brush bristles on a ground of dark and light gray, which, in spots, melts into cream white. It is at its best made up into a sports coat or motor coat, for its durability and warmth are incomparable. But there are short fur coats for town wear, too, and these are made of the softer, more luxurious furs, such as Hudson seal, gray squirrel, and squirrel dyed the colour of kolinsky. These coats are made on rather practical lines, too, because they are meant to be worn in the motor and in the shops and often with afternoon frocks, so that they have had both the practical and decorative sides of their natures highly developed. It takes a great deal of versatility to keep up with the smart woman nowadays.

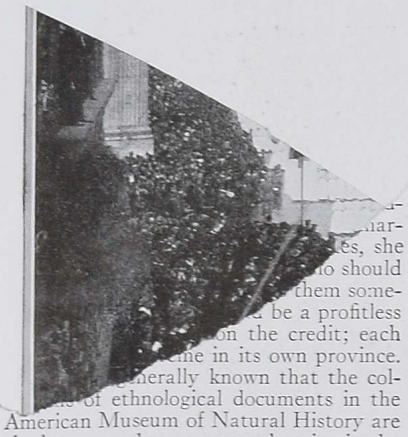
Coats of this sort, whether they are for sports or town wear, generally have some wonderfully convenient pockets about them somewhere and are lined with soft silks, either in some lovely plain colour, or printed in some bright design that shows in vivid flashes when the coat is thrown back. At the lower left on this page is a coat that knew exactly what could be done with a lining of printed chiffon.

E OF COSTUME INSPIRATION

gners Adapt the Beauties of Primitive to the Actualities of Modern Life

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

Research Associate in Textiles
American Museum of Natural History



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...of ethnological documents in the American Museum of Natural History are the largest and most comprehensive in the world. Especially is this true in regard to what are termed "primitive arts." Every great racial type in the world is represented in this collection, which thus affords an endless source of suggestion for artists and designers. So far, the use of the original material in the museum has been confined largely to the fabric and costume industries, but it is purposed to extend the work as soon as possible to all the decorative industries, with the definite aim of creating in America a true appreciation of decoration and a group of artists capable of independent creative effort in the decorative arts.

In the preceding paragraph, the phrase "primitive arts" was used. This term should never be used in a derogatory sense, for much of the finest that we have in decorative arts comes from peoples and from ages to which it is applied. It always represents a period in the culture of a people when artist and craftsman were synonymous terms.

After all, in the final analysis, this may be chosen as the clear definition: an artist is a craftsman with a trained appreciative faculty, an individual because of whose efforts certain objects acquire beauty or because of whose expressed skill and sensitiveness life takes on an added loveliness. Obviously, the mere medium of expression cannot be used to restrict this definition. It makes no difference whether this loveliness be added to a lump of clay, a piece of canvas, a yard or so of woven silk, a ribbon, or a costume. The spirit of conception and the skill of execution are the sole measures of aesthetic quality. And in those ages and among those peoples where art touched the sublime it has been most democratic in its influence. It has entered into each phase of life; and every object, from the most sacred to the most commonplace, has been influenced by its charm. Only in an age of artistic sterility or decadence has the name of artist been confined to restricted classes.

ARTISTS AND INDUSTRIES MUST COMBINE

There are hopeful signs that America is developing an interesting school of native art, and it is an encouraging indication that the young artists are frankly willing to devote their attention and ambition to every-day objects and materials. To make a yard of silk or a costume or a box-cover or a piece of pottery a delight and a stimulus to good taste is to them a worthy and highly desirable attainment. The powers of reproduction of our modern industries make it possible to spread such missionaries of art appreciation among an enormous population. These things enter into the daily intimate lives of many thousands of people, leading them, without conscious effort, by constant association with good design and colour, to higher æsthetic feeling. The painting or the piece of sculpture in the museum or gallery majestically demands adoration, standing as a thing apart from every-day life, but the gown and fabric are with us in all our waking hours.

(*Continued on page 118*)

This gray charmeuse tea-gown offers visible proof of the gain to the costume designer from cooperation with the museum. An ancient design furnished inspiration for the wool embroidery in dull Indian colours on the sleeves, the neck, and the belt, which buckles with beads and a jade ornament. The train is square at either side

MODELS FROM BONWIT TELLER
POSED BY WINIFRED BRYSON

The aim in studying museum treasures is not to produce copies, but to find inspiration for designs which may be adapted to modern garments. The ancient Koryak garment shown on page 118 inspired this negligée of rose duvetyn, kolinsky, and blue chiffon

If we are ever to become an art-loving nation, we must look for beauty in articles of every-day use. To this end, designers are studying the arts of the past. This wool-embroidered negligée of pale yellow chiffon over flesh tinted chiffon is of Philippine inspiration

THE CHARM THAT COMES WITH YEARS OF DISCRETION

An interesting hat, a smartly tied veil, a string of pearls, and pearl earrings all gave distinction to this costume, worn at one of the autumn races

THERE are many people who hold that the most interesting and attractive of all American women is the woman who has passed her first youth. The years have brought much more to this woman than they have taken from her. She has acquired mental and physical poise, a knowledge of how to deal with the world, charm,—oh, any amount of charm—and an ability to bring out her good points and to conceal her deficiencies. She is delightful to meet and charming to look upon, and she dresses with a subtlety and skill that is well worth careful study. In the small arts of dress, which are so important in their significance, she is past mistress. Her clothes are designed with a sure knowledge of line, and the details of her toilette are interesting subjects to consider. Her hats are always becoming, chic, and worn in the most effective manner. In the daytime she is smartly veiled, and at night she is perfectly coiffed. Her jewels are not merely ornaments; they are the one thing needed to complete her costume; they emphasize a contour or conceal a line, or bring out the delicate tones of the skin or the glossiness of the hair.

The woman of this age, as a rule, wears a small hat with a suggestion of height either in its shape or in its trimming. The hat sketched just below, at the left, was worn by a smart woman who was shopping on Fifth Avenue the other day. It was of midnight blue velvet, and the height was supplied by a flaring wing of the same material. A dull purple veil, with large chenille dots, very smartly and appropriately accompanied it, and a little turn-over collar of

(*Continued on page 104*)

This hat, which was recently seen on Fifth Avenue, attains by a flaring wing of velvet that height which is so desirable for the older woman

A notable member of the older generation in New York wears a pearl collar and a rope of pearls beneath it and crowns her coiffure with a plume

At the wedding of Miss Frederica Bull, a guest wore this high hat topped by curling feathers, and with it she wore a curious Russian necklace

A successful accessory for the older woman is the softening scarf like this in white chiffon, which accompanied a white gown and purple hat to the Piping Rock Races

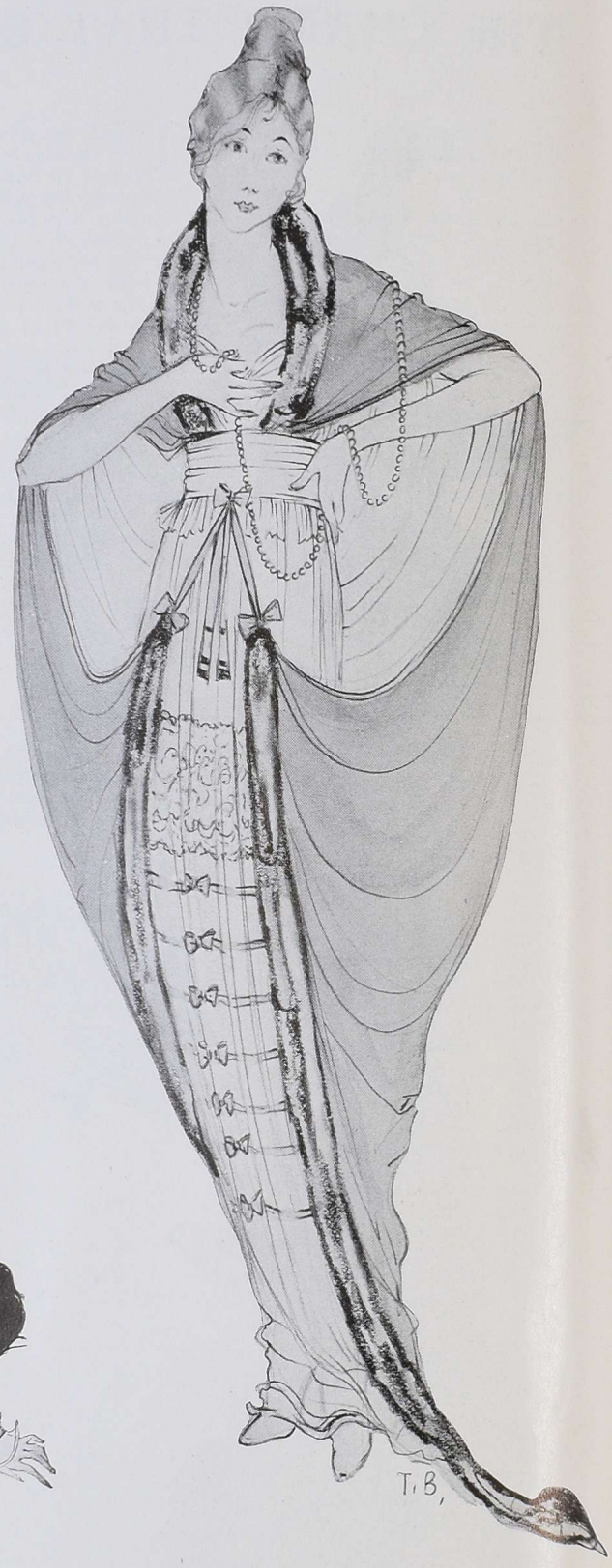
Worn by a spectator at the autumn horseshow at Piping Rock, was this smart little hat of gray wool velours, trimmed with gray feather ornaments

A gray-haired woman with all that charm which comes only with gray hair wore this short-coated gown of black satin at the first of the autumn races at Piping Rock

DESIGNS BY TRAVIS BANTON

This tea-gown, with clinging grace, assures the wearer that she may safely rival the fascinating femininity of French plays. Of violet chiffon over silver cloth, it is trimmed with chinchilla and touches of silver here and there. The long tie-ends from the little Eton coat slip under a silver girdle and are themselves run with metal thread and finished with silver tassels. The corsage flowers have violet silk petals with glistening silver leaves

(Below) There is something Greek about the white chiffon drapery of this gown, and something very pert and Irish about the emerald green of its coat. In fine, it has just enough dignity and just enough dash to be altogether irresistible. For trimming there are bands of lynx and yards—many yards—of narrow green satin ribbon. It outlines the drapery and makes pipings for the lace underslip and stripes for the white chiffon lining of the coat. That little coat, by the way, has the very new neck-line and sleeve length; it fastens with a black silk cord



Beginning with flesh pink charmeuse elaborated by real lace, this gown seems to claim all good things for its very own: first comes a long white chiffon slip with a band of real lace just below the hips, then another of pale rose with a low draped bodice girdled in gray chiffon, and rows of old-blue ribbon tied in bows on the skirt. There is an enveloping wrap of old-blue charmeuse lined with gray chiffon and trimmed with chinchilla

FOR THE MOOD OF THE MOMENT, COMMEND US TO A TEA-GOWN; HERE ARE THREE TEMPERAMENTAL ONES THAT ARE EVEN CAPABLE OF CREATING MOODS ALL THEIR OWN

LITTLE BITS OF RIBBON, SILK, AND LACE ARE COMBINED IN DAINTY GARMENTS

ON SUCH FOUNDATIONS AS THESE DOES THE FASTIDIOUS WOMAN BASE HER WARDROBE

An attractive negligée in blue or pink crêpe de Chine has a coat of delicate lace edged with contrasting ribbon of pink or blue. Ribbon festoons from the waistline are weighted with rosebuds; $13.75

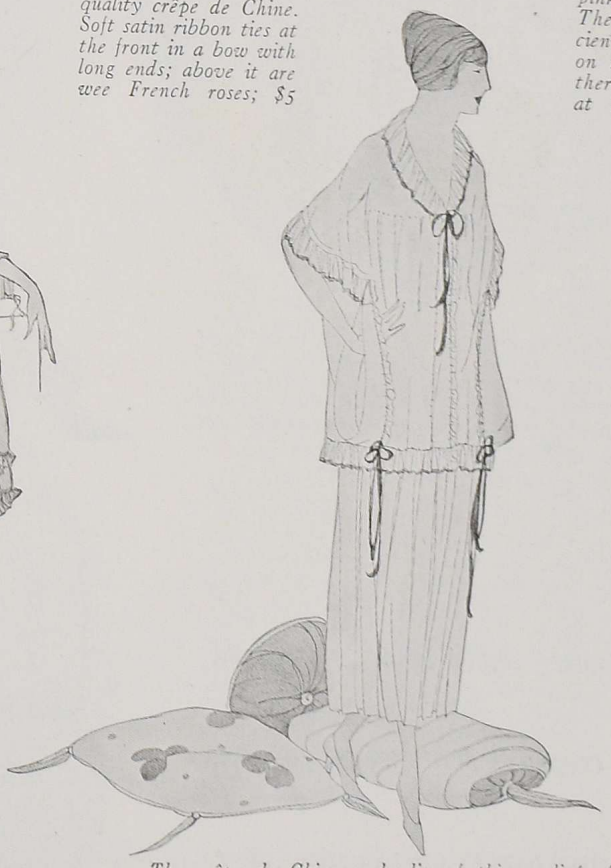
This little crêpe de Chine garment is everything a nightgown should be. On the shoulders are graceful knots and long loops of narrow satin ribbon, and the lace is fine Valenciennes. In flesh or white, $6.50; gown, and the matching chemise at right below, $10

She who is looking for another dainty gown will like this one, with its top of Valenciennes lace; it is of excellent quality crêpe de Chine. Soft satin ribbon ties at the front in a bow with long ends; above it are wee French roses; $5

Designed to go with the gown above, is this envelope chemise that comes in white or flesh pink crêpe de Chine. The ribbon and Valenciennes lace match that on the nightgown, and there is a lace edging at the bottom; $3.50

Flesh pink crêpe de Chine and chiffon cloth make this negligée—crêpe de Chine for the skirt and chiffon cloth for the circular jacket. Then there are satin bows, roses, and fine wide lace; $10.75

New petticoats are straight of line. One of satin has lace frills; flesh pink or white, $5. Another is of changeable taffeta; $6.75. Satin camisole with ribbon, lace, chiffon, and organdy; flesh or white, $2.50



The crêpe de Chine underslip of this negligée falls in box pleats under a jacket of chiffon cloth. The ruffles outlining the sleeves, neck, and bottom of the jacket are edged with blue baby ribbon, and there are satin bows with streamers at both front and back; $12.50

A tub satin petticoat has a ruffle of lace and chiffon cloth over another of net. Flesh or white; $5.95. Lace, chiffon cloth, and embroidered organdy trim the satin camisole. In flesh colour or white; $2

A white satin collar, varied with little woven dots, may either be crossed as a surplice or worn as a shawl collar and tied in a sailor's knot; $1.45

This wool jersey sweater vest and that at the right above come in plain colours and combinations, such as Copenhagen blue with navy, gray, khaki, or trench brown; $9.75

The scarf collar of a wool jersey sweater vest slips through a slit and is thrown over the shoulder, while the sash follows a similar fashion; $11.50

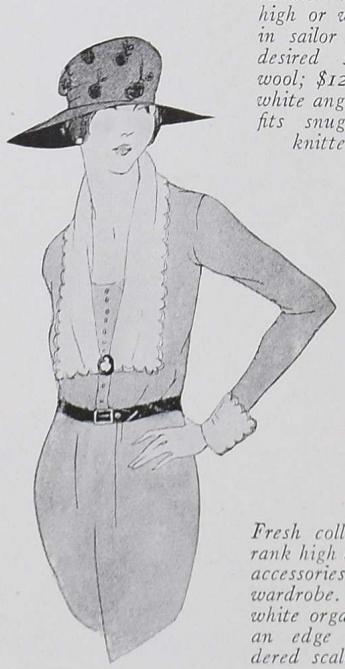
Such a blouse as this one of Georgette crêpe, pearl buttoned and satin collared and cuffed, will make a trim appearance on many occasions. Its softness makes it becoming to the wearer, and its lines are well adapted to the tailored suit. Flesh pink or white; $5

When time and place demand a rather more elaborate blouse, the right answer is supplied by this happy combination of Georgette crêpe, filet lace, and hand-embroidery. Filet lace and a pleated ruffle of Georgette crêpe compose the collar. In flesh pink or white; $15.75

The brushed wool collar of this comfortable slip-on sweater may be buttoned high or worn thrown back in sailor fashion. In any desired shade of alpaca wool; $12.75. The jaunty white angora tam-o'-shanter fits snugly with a wide knitted band; $1.95

A blouse of flesh pink Georgette crêpe is given many fine tucks and an unusually effective neck-line, rounded in the front, with a square collar at the back; $6.94

THE PRACTICAL WARDROBE COMPRISES THE SMART BLOUSE, THE DAINTY COLLAR AND CUFFS, AND THE USEFUL SWEATER



Fresh collar and cuff sets rank high among the valued accessories of the every-day wardrobe. Of very sheer white organdy, this set has an edge of hand-embroidered scallops; price, $1.50

SMART FASHIONS *for* LIMITED INCOMES

Fur plays a leading part in the season's fashion show,—in fact, it has almost superseded the embroidery of other years. When combined with velvet, it forms the ideal afternoon gown

This promises to be a season of informal entertaining, and the gown for home occasions is an all-important problem; velvet of a single tone, with chiffon or Georgette crêpe, is one of the best solutions

Informal affairs have not yet, however, entirely superseded formal entertainments; there will still be, at least, the opera, the play, and the formal dinner, to which one must wear a formal evening gown

THIS season the gown for home occasions is receiving an unprecedented amount of attention. Of course, in other years women have had these gowns made especially for informal dinners and other informal affairs, but somehow these gowns were never of so very much importance in the wardrobe. But this year the situation is quite different. It is the gown for home occasions that has become important, and, in the shops as well as in the home, it has taken the centre of the stage among the gowns of fashion. There is a reason for this, for it has been predicted that there will be much home entertaining during the coming winter. With fathers, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts at war, not many of us have the inclination to go out. And, quite naturally, too, when these same fathers, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts are off duty or on furlough, the first party, at least, will be planned to take place in the home and to include only most intimate friends. These informal gowns have been planned with appreciation of these facts, and their attractiveness has in no way suffered. They are as lovely as the afternoon tea-gown, and as elaborate or as dignified as the formal evening gown. Yet the informal gown is neither of these. It is something between the two—a gown quite by itself. And it is interesting to note that many of the loveliest of these

(*Continued on page 110*)

For the younger matron or the young girl, the informal evening frock is most fittingly created of chiffon in pastel tones. A French blue chiffon over silver lends itself to this design

The coat-wrap is a garment both of smartness and of economy, for it fills the double mission of afternoon coat and evening wrap. Black velveteen and chinchilla squirrel may form it

Elizabeth and Her Pan-German Garden

The Complete Failure of Her Diplomatic Coups Crop

By BRIGHTON PERRY

I LOVE my garden, but I am somehow having awfully poor luck with it. None of my dear little plots are turning out as I wanted them to. The little plants are never going to blossom as I was so sure they would. I planted them all so carefully, too. I spend all my time watching for them to show their little heads, but there are so many prowlers around, prowlers from the American Secret Service, the Department of Justice at Washington, and that dreadful old intruder, Mr. Lansing, that, really, I despair of raising anything at all.

I am writing in my garden now. It is late in the afternoon, and the Second Assistant Ober-Schreibmeister is watching me as I write to see that I say nothing that might be construed as weak or Extreme Left. When I have finished the Deputy Blott-amst will blot the page with the official government blotter. How restful it is here!

THE garden is not thriving! And we had worked it out so cleverly, too! It was going to be quite a show place, with its Diplomatic Coups waving in the breeze, its deep-laid Mexican plots, its little Swedish creepers and its picturesque old poisoned wells. But, somehow, it didn't work out as it should.

In the first place, practically the whole crop of Diplomatic Coups was nipped, owing to unseasonable weather, bone-headed gardening and a blight of those dreadful American Secret Service pests. They have been frightful this year,—a perfect plague of them. The Man of Wrath was going to exterminate them, but, somehow, he and Gott never got around to it. I felt when we hired that man Zimmerman that he didn't understand flowers. He planted all those Diplomatic Coups upside-down. But he was such a dear old soul and was so fond of the children, that we engaged him and set him to work under Ober-Gartner Hollweg. Poor old Hollweg! We had to get rid of him, too, later on, because he drank so and he and his wife were always quarreling.

WE first found out that our Diplomatic Coups crop was planted upside-down when the Mexican bean and the Japanese onion coups not only failed to come up at the right time by themselves, but were practically dug up by these Secret Service nuisances and spread out all over the front lawn, where they looked very unpleasant and silly. You see, we had planned to have these mature just at the season when they would be of some use to us in the American crisis, but either Zimmerman didn't understand the culture of Mexican beans, or else he used the wrong fertilizer or something, because when we found them unearthed that morning they were very amateurish-looking, and shriveled up completely when exposed to the light of day.

I shall never forget the day of their discovery. I was going through the garden of my neighbor, uprooting his begonias, for in Germany we have a pretty custom whereby, if our neighbor has some rare plant which we ourselves can not raise, we dress up in fancy costumes, called *Königlichenwurdezeichnungen*, and march through the neighbor's garden while he is fast asleep and pull the plant up by the roots, singing, the while, a little Mecklenberg-Schwerin folk-song, which, in literal translation, runs:

If I my neighbor's plants may not have,
At any rate, so will I them fix that he can not them either have.

It was while I was engaged in this community rite that the Fourth Amtsvertreterer's Assistant in charge of the Government Elm-Tree Beetle Sprayer came running to me and cried out that the American Secret Service agent bugs had dug up the Mexico-Japan plot and spread it out all over the front lawn.

WITH a little cry of incredulity that any of God's creatures could be so perfidious, I uprooted the last of my neighbor's begonias and ran back to our garden. There, sure enough, they were,—all the choicest fruit of Wilhelmstrasse's labors, of which the agent had said to me, "Madame, they will win the war,"—there they were, lying naked and immature on the ground. Slowly we gathered them up and took them into the house, from which we later sent them to the Imperial Museum to be placed on exhibition as proofs that Germany, far from being the aggressor in this affair, was the object of a nefarious attack from without.

In celebration of our alertness in the discovery of this ravaging activity on the part of the Secret Service, a holiday was declared in the schools and the Man of Wrath sent telegrams of congratulations to all of his sons, collect.

The next serious set-back in our Diplomatic Coup crop was the utter blight of our Argentine asparagus. We had set great store by this, too. I remember one evening at supper, the night before we put the seed into the ground, the Man of Wrath had said to me:

"We must make this Argentine affair a great success, my *liebchen*, for when the season is over and the peace terms are all in, we won't have a friend left except Argentina and the State of Wisconsin. It is my idea, then, in order to insure a complete success of the Argentine coup, to go about it in a subtle way. If, for instance, you want to make the lasting friendship of a nation, do you go to them and say, 'Here, old *Kundschaftern*, let us be friends,' and buy them drinks? No, indeed; you go about it more delicately. You sink several dozen of their ships; you call them names; you push over their public buildings. Then, before you know it, you have them irrevocably your friends, friends who will stand by you through thick and thin, especially through thick.

"And so it is with Diplomatic Coup plants. We will take this little Argentine slip, and before setting in into the ground we will slice off its roots and stick pins in it. Then, when Spring comes, and God's greenery has the Imperial sanction to push its way through the ground, we will have as fine a crop of Argentine asparagus as you could wish. *Ach*, how will that Lansing grit his teeth when he sees it growing under his very Monroe Doctrine!"

Thus had spoken the Man of Wrath, and thus had he done with the Argentine plot. And the morning after the frost, it had looked just as useless and just as kindergartenish as had the others. Here again I suspect the Secret Service. We must get some bug-spray.

The prowlers, too, have been worse this season than ever before. We have tried everything, from "Verboten" signs to tempting little pink candies, which I had poisoned with my own hands, and which we dropped cleverly right in their paths. But we can't seem to do anything with them. They come around just the same, and they stamp all over our pretty little plots with their heavy Government boots. We had set out so many cunning little trailers, and they have uprooted every one of them. I do wish the Man of Wrath would find the time to exterminate the Department of Justice and stop this nuisance.

It is getting colder and colder here. Nothing seems to be coming up, or, if it does start to come up, it is dug up by prowlers and makes a very poor showing when it comes to light. Things are now being unearthed that were planted by Bernstoff months and months ago: old boots, empty flasks and little unsavory odds and ends which litter up the yard dreadfully. Bernstoff should have buried them deeper, or better yet, have carried them into the next yard. Diplomatic refuse in a Pan-German garden is hideously out of place.

And, if things don't sprout pretty soon, I shall take a spade and see for myself what is underneath. I have a suspicion that all the time we have been trying to raise a garden on a sunken concrete gun-base,—which would, on the face of it, be silly.

THE NEW INTENSIVE KULTUR
One of the hundred cartoons on the war, contained in the newly published volume "America's Black & White Book," by W. A. Rogers, the noblest Roman of them all

The Prophet in Our Midst

A Perfectly Lucid Reply to the Query of How Will the War End?

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE Eminent Authority looked round at the little group of us seated about him at the club. He was telling us, or beginning to tell us, about the outcome of the war. It was a thing we wanted to know. We were listening attentively. We felt that we were "getting something."

"I doubt very much," he said, "whether Downing Street realizes the enormous power which the Quai d'Orsay has over the Yildiz Kiosk."

"So do I," I said, "what is it?"

But he hardly noticed the interruption. "You've got to remember," he went on, "that from the point of view of the Yildiz the Wilhelmstrasse is just a thing of yesterday."

"Quite so," I said.

"Of course," he added, "the Ballplatz is quite different."

"Altogether different," I admitted. "And mind you," he said, "the Ballplatz itself can be largely moved from the Quirinal through Vatican influence."

"Why of course it can," I agreed, with as much relief in my tone as I could put into it. After all, what simpler way of moving the Ballplatz than that?

The Eminent Authority took another sip at his tea, and looked round at us through his spectacles. It was I who was taking on myself to do most of the answering because it was I who had brought him there and invited the other men to meet him.

"He's coming round at five," I had said, "do come and have a cup of tea and meet him. He knows more about the European situation and the probable solution than any other man living." Naturally they came gladly. They wanted to know,—as everybody wants to know, —how the war will end. They were just ordinary plain men like myself.

I COULD see that they were a little mystified, perhaps disappointed. They would have liked, just as I would, to ask a few plain questions, such as, can the Italians knock the stuff out of the Austrians? Are the Roumanians getting licked or not? How many submarines has Germany got, anyway? Such questions, in fact, as we are accustomed to put up to one another every day at lunch and to answer out of the morning paper. As it was, we didn't seem to be getting anywhere.

No one spoke. The silence began to be even a little uncomfortable. It was broken by my friend Rapley who is in wholesale hardware and who has all the intellectual bravery that goes with it. He asked the Authority straight out the question that we all wanted to put.

"Just what do you mean by the Ballplatz? What is the Ballplatz?"

The Authority smiled an engaging smile. "Precisely," he said, "I see your drift exactly. You say what *is* the Ballplatz? I reply quite frankly that it is almost impossible to answer. Probably one could best define it as the driving power behind the Ausgleich."

"I see," said Rapley.

"Though the plain fact is that ever since the Herzegovinian embroglio the Ballplatz is little more than a counterpoise to the Wilhelmstrasse."

"Ah!" said Rapley.

"Indeed, as everybody knows, the whole relationship of the Ballplatz with the Nievski Prospect has emanated from the Wilhelmstrasse."

This was a thing which personally I had *not* known. But I said nothing. Neither did the other men. They continued smoking, looking as innocent as they could.

"Don't misunderstand me," said the Authority, "when I speak of the Nievski Prospect. I am not referring in any way to the Tsarskoe Selo."

The Eminent Authority,—who has a perfectly clear idea of the relation of the Wilhelmstrasse to the Yildiz Kiosk and the Ballplatz, as well as of the close connection of the Quai d'Orsay with Downing Street and its bearing on Italia Irridenta

"No, no," we all agreed.

"No doubt there were, as we see it plainly now, undercurrents in all directions from the Tsarskoe Selo." We all seemed to suggest by our attitude that these undercurrents were sucking at our very feet.

"But the Tsarskoe Selo," said the Authority, "is now definitely eliminated."

We were glad of that, we shifted our feet back into attitudes of ease.

I FELT that it was time to ask a leading question.

"Do you think," I said, "that Germany will be broken up by the war?"

"You mean Germany in what sense? Are you thinking of Preuszenthum? Are you referring to Junkerismus?"

"No," I said, quite truthfully, "neither of them."

"Ah," said the Authority, "I see, you mean Germany as a Souverantät embodied in a Reichstand."

"That's it," I said.

"Then it's rather hard," said the Eminent Authority, "to answer your question in plain terms. But I'll try. One thing, of course, is *absolutely* certain, Mittel-Europa goes overboard."

"It does, eh?"

"Oh, yes, absolutely. This is the end of Mittel-Europa. I mean to say,—here we've had Mittel-Europa, that is, the Mittel-Europa *idea,* as a sort of fantasmus in front of Teutonism ever since Koenigrätz."

The Authority looked all round us in that searching way he had. We all tried to look like men seeing a fantasmus and disgusted at it.

"So you see," he went on, "Mittel-Europa is done with."

"I suppose it is," I said. I didn't know just whether to speak with regret or not. I heard Rapley murmur, "I guess so."

"And there is not a doubt," continued the Authority, "that when Mittel-Europa goes, Grossdeutschthum goes with it."

"Oh, sure to," we all murmured.

"Well, there, there you are,—what is the result for Germany,—and why the thing's as plain as a pikestaff,—in fact you're driven to it by the sheer logic of the situation,—there is only *one* outcome,—"

The Authority was speaking very deliberately. He even paused at this point and lighted a cigarette, while we all listened breathlessly. We felt that we had got the thing to a focus at last.

"Only one outcome,—a Staatenbund."

"Great Heavens," I said, "not a Staatenbund!"

"Undoubtedly," said the Authority, puffing quietly at his cigarette, as if personally he wouldn't lift a finger to stop the Staatenbund if he could, "that's the end of it, a Staatenbund. In other words, we are back where we were before the Vienna Corpen!"

AT this he chuckled heartily to himself: so the rest of us laughed too: the thing was *too* absurd. But the Authority, who was a man of nice distinctions and genuinely anxious to instruct us, was evidently afraid that he had overstated things a little.

"Mind you," he said, "there'll be *something* left,—certainly the Zollverein and either the Ausgleich or something very like it."

All of the men gave a sort of sigh of relief. It was certainly something to have at least a sort of resemblance or appearance of the Ausgleich among us. We felt that we were getting on. One could see that a number of the men were on the brink of asking questions.

"What about Roumania," asked Nelles (he is a banker and interested in government bonds), "is this the end of it?"

"No," said the Authority, "it's not the end of Roumania, but it *is* the end of Roumanian Irridentismus."

That settled Nelles.

"What about the Turks?" asked Rapley.

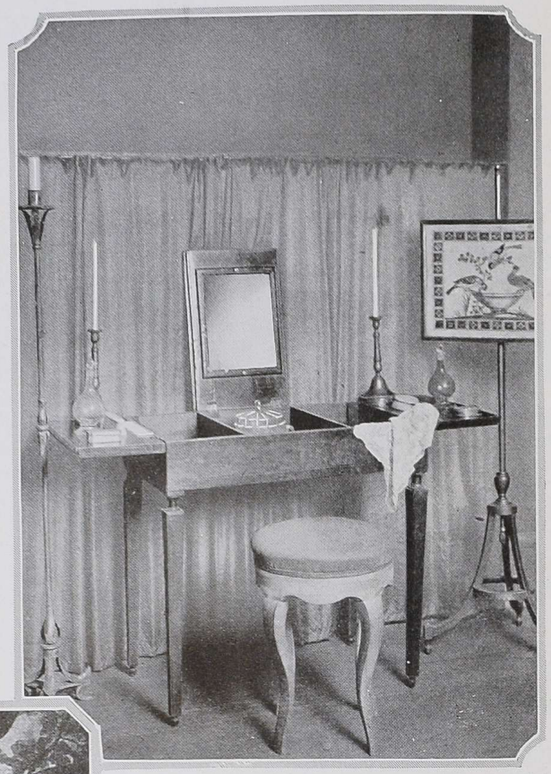
"The Turks,—or rather, I suppose it would be more proper to say, the Osmanli, as that is no doubt what you mean,—" Rapley nodded. "Well, speaking personally, I should say that there's no difficulty in permanent settlement in that quarter. If I were drawing up the terms of a treaty of peace meant to be really lasting I should lay three absolute bases; the rest needn't matter—"

The Authority paused a moment and then proceeded to count off the three conditions of peace on his fingers,—

"These would be, first, the evacuation of the Sandjak, second (*Continued on page 104*)

(Left) A modern dressing table in the style of the 18th Century. It is made of shot taffeta and old galloon. The bench is upholstered in taffeta with a panier fleuris design in cutwork, a revival of an old style. An electric candle lights the table. The curtains are gauze and shot taffeta

(Right) From the first Empire has come this 18th Century poudreuse, which folds up and quite conceals its purpose. The stool is a reproduction of an antique Louis XV. The note of genuine antiquity is given the grouping by the old Venetian powder and scent bottles, the candlestick and cross-stitch screen

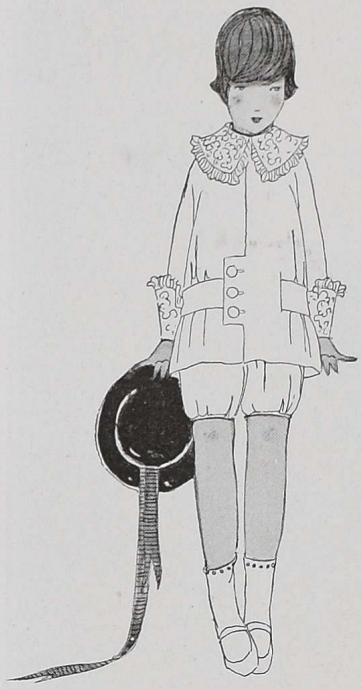


(Below) The wig and washstand was a necessary piece of furniture in the old powder room. The basin rested on the wooden rim and the wig was placed on a wig support, shaped like a head, attached to the back of the stand. Indentations held scent bottles and patch boxes

The Duchess of Devonshire, as Sir Joshua Reynolds paints her, is wearing one of the thirty-five wigs on which the Duke paid a tax of a guinea each

(Below) There was a graceful simplicity to the Empire dressing table. The table is of mahogany with a chiseled ormolu decoration at the keyhole. The upholstery of the chair and the heavy window curtains are Empire silk from a design used in Napoleon's time

Often the washstand took the Italian form—a basin set in a wrought iron stand. Basin and stand and water jug here are antiques. This custom is returning now that wrought iron has again come into favor



For those inevitable occasions when one must be all dressed up, in this suit in dark green velvet and Venetian point lace; but the little boy likes it even better in white piqué or linen. The hat is of green velours with grosgrain ribbon streamers

She was old enough to knit a sweater, so, of course, she felt old enough to wear separate blouses. This one is of tan pongee, with a little yoke and narrow pleats. The brown serge skirt has a wide belt, to which the suspenders are attached

Though she is four (or maybe six) years old, her black velvet coat, trimmed with gray squirrel and lined with white satin, means much in her young life. Her little hat is of black velvet, too, silk embroidered, with a squirrel pompon

The YOUNGER GENERATION

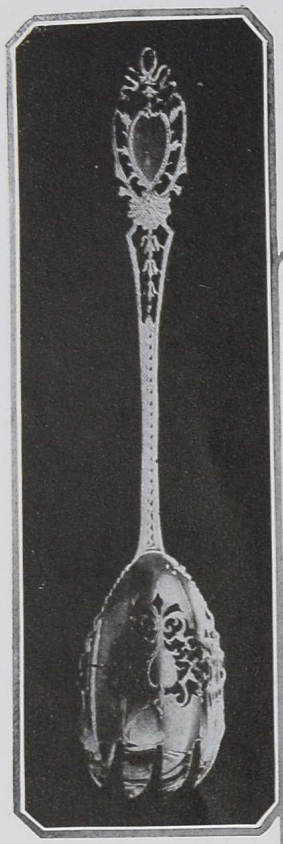
MODELS FROM STREMMELL

Because it's plain, the boy at the left likes his blue velvet suit, and because it's tucked and ruffle-trimmed, his mother likes the fine linen blouse. The little boy at the right hasn't joined the navy—yet,—but he's wearing a middy suit of white piqué to show his ultimate intention

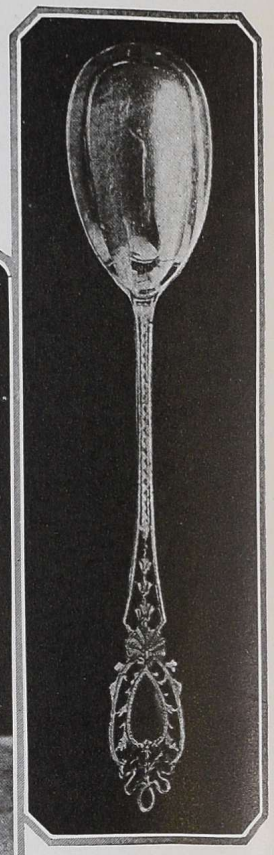
He's all ready for an afternoon of outdoor play, in his snug little coat of dull red camel's hair, with its corded seams and its hat to match. His sister is staying at home in a frock of yellow linen, with collar and cuffs of white piqué, edged with dainty hand-crocheted lace

THE TABLE EXQUISITE

Amongst The Many Alliances Brought About By The War, One Of The Most Noteworthy Is The Alliance Of French And Italian Glass With English Silver. *Vive l'Alliance!*



A charmingly embossed salad fork separated, but obviously not divorced, from its faithful partner

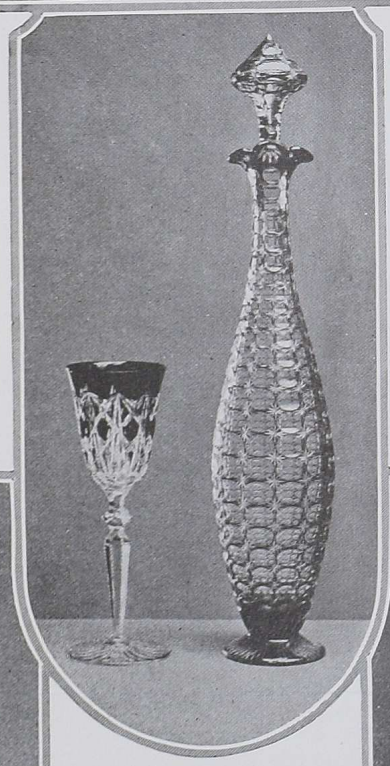


The spoon, united or divided they fall together, but no farther than into the fruit salad bowl

NOTHING adds so much to the pleasure of a meal as discrimination in table appointments, for, to the fastidious diner the eye is the forerunner of the palate. You may sit down to dinner with the best of intentions, only to find your appetite vanish at the sight of a carelessly set table, a meaningless jumble of glass and silver, and a stiff or untidy arrangement of flowers. The simplest meal perfectly presented deserves and receives an appreciation denied to a pretentious repast accompanied by the wrong kind of table decoration.

THE BEAUTY OF SIMPLICITY

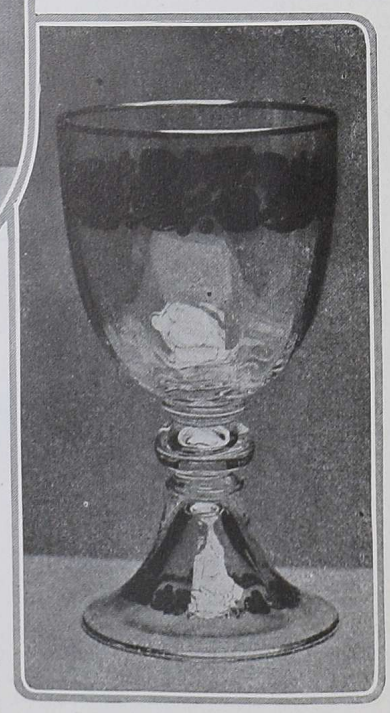
In this, as in other things, simplicity is the keynote of success. Everything that is not essential should be resolutely banished, and the slightest tendency to a passion for knick-knacks sternly suppressed. A distracting array of unneccessary spoons and little silver dishes is fatal to any scheme. Formality of arrangement is always pleasing to the eye, and formality includes the use of colour as well as the disposal of table furniture. Many hostesses prefer a bare table, and where the surface permits one to dispense with a cloth no effect could be happier. There is a discreet richness, a restrained gaiety, in glass and silver mirrored on polished mahogany, walnut or age-darkened oak that no cloth, however dazzling, can equal. Flowers, too, or a formal centrepiece of fruit gain enormously in charm from contrast with a dark background.



Another ally, Venetian this time, white and mauve, with as deeply a carved pattern as if it came from Bohemia

"Bohemian," you probably say, and you are wrong. It is Baccarat, pure French, and adorned with a garland of enamelled roses

Elegant slimness is exemplified in this tall hock decanter with its attendant glass, dark blue and white, delightfully cut to shimmer



(Above) What more could apricots, peaches, and pears desire than so luxurious a resting-place as this glass bowl with its fretwork silver exterior

As a rule, white glass looks best on a bare table, colour being restricted to flowers and candle-shades, though charming effects may be obtained by the use of coloured hock glasses chosen to harmonize with mats made of damask brocade or Chinese Mandarin squares. Dull blue, crimson, or old gold mats with amber, mauve, or green glass are delightful. With such an arrangement the flowers must be carefully chosen to carry out the general scheme. The effect of lace or lace-trimmed embroidered mats is good, but neither so rich nor so distinguished.

THE GLASS OF FASHION

English silver has always been recognized, both abroad and at home, as the standard of perfection, but for modern glass we have relied almost entirely on Germany and Austria. The war, of course, put a stop to that, and the distracted hostess saw herself faced with the horrid necessity of disgracing her table with thick tumblers of unlovely solidity, or else of doing without any glass at all. Fortunately our Allies have come to the rescue, and it is possible to obtain from France and Italy glass that equals the best ever produced by Bohemia—glass fit to accompany our most cherished Georgian silver.

NOTE. — *Articles mentioned on these pages may be procured on request through the Shopping Service of Vogue. Address—Vogue Shopping Service, Rolls House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.*

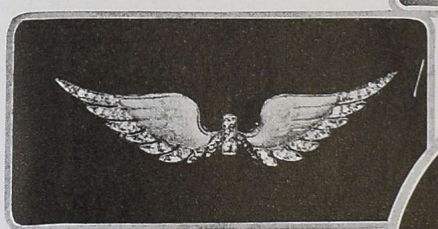
JEWELS FROM THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS SURROUND ANOTHER JEWEL WHO COMES TO US FROM FRANCE

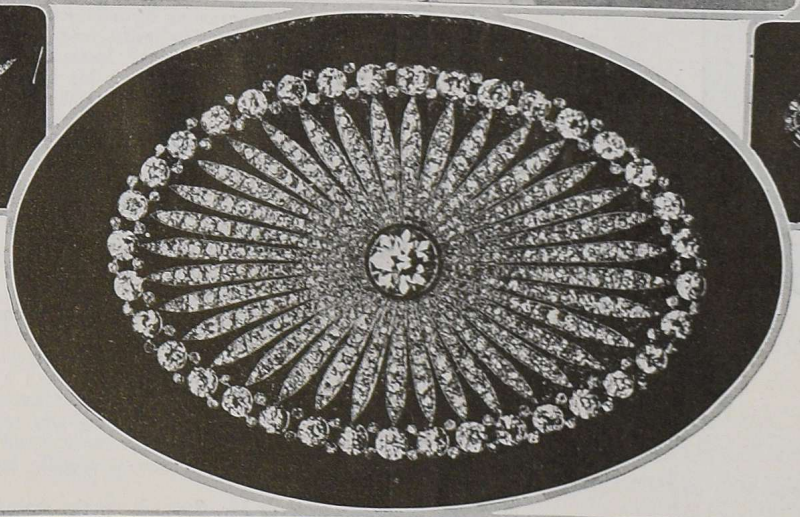
Sparkling on a bare neck or gleaming in soft folds of lace a diamond pendant, set in platinum, is always an asset to fascination and a finish to the smartness

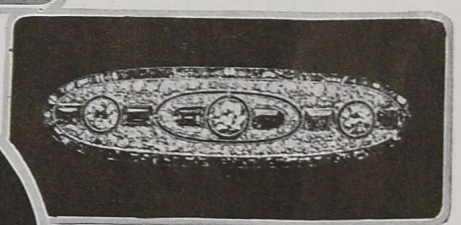
Sapphires and diamonds, always a happy combination, here amalgamate in a slender and original design becoming a delicate pendant for day or evening wear

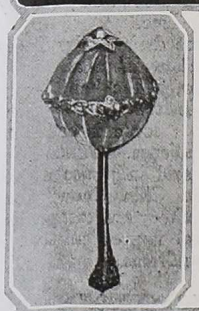
A finely wrought diamond necklace, lustrous pearl earrings, and a pearl and diamond pin all show to a shimmering advantage when worn by a blonde and beautiful woman—the fairness of her skin admirably foiling them all

A diamond brooch of this calibre survives all the changes of fashion, and it is a life-long joy to the happy possessor. The design is exquisitely simple and distinguished, and the stones of so fine a fire that they positively pale the light







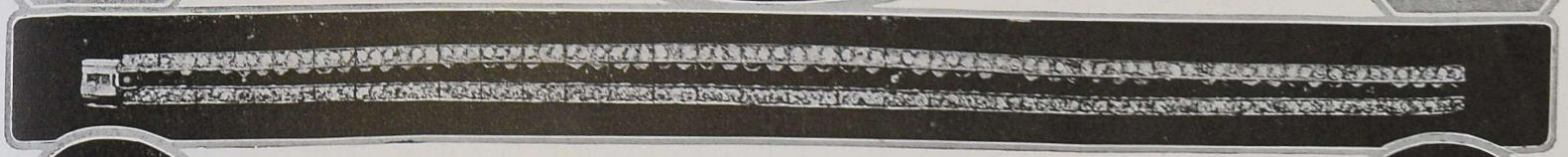


This mercury hat-pin is most adaptable, as it opens and shuts its wings according to the owner's desire

Clouded crystal studded with small diamonds make the top of this hat-pin

Intricate in design and precious in material, this brooch of finely set diamonds makes a delightful gift

This crystal hat-pin should make its début in the crown of a black velvet hat

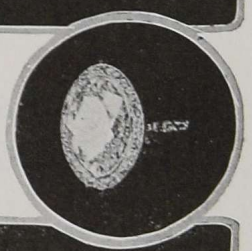


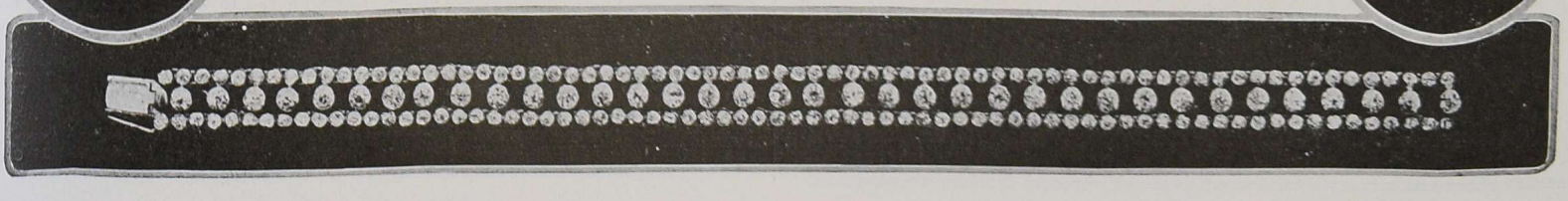
A sure proof of woman's flair for finish is the matching of her ring with he colour of her gown. A blue frock should tempt the acquisition of a sapphire ring

A resplendent contrast lies in this flexible bracelet, in platinum, between the rubies of deepest red and their double rim of sparkling diamonds

When this bracelet encircles a fair wrist it seems but a single flash of luminous colour—so fine are the diamonds which go to its making

A rare pink diamond of the purest translucency, set in a rim of small white diamonds, is a distinguished decoration for a pretty finger





AN AUTUMN MODEL

by

Marthe Dion,

ROBES, LINGERIES, CORSETS
MANTEAUX, FOURRURES

The Premier House

48 DOVER STREET, W.1.

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 78*)

him with its accolade, and bidden him rise up as a knight-errant in a stricken world, where now he lives the life of two.

Harry went down to Camp Upton a little while ago, to entertain our soldiers. He told them of the flowers of France, and how they grow in full profusion right up to the line that the Huns have marked with desolation. He told them of his love for France,—the second home and foster-mother of all the artists of the world, who worship Beauty, Truth, and Righteousness. Then he paused, and added,—"I own a bit of France now: my boy is buried there." . . .

There are six feet of ground in France that shall nevermore be desecrated by the Huns:—for one hundred million people in America have said, "They shall not pass!"

"JACK O'LANTERN"

Fred Stone is also a great man,—though of a different kind than Harry Lauder. In our modern world, we much admire the genius of the mind; but we have forgotten, for the most part, to admire the genius of the body. The ancient Greeks, in this respect, were wiser than we; for they deemed it the duty of every person to develop a body that should serve as a fitting habitation for a soul.

Rossetti said to his beloved, "Beauty like yours is genius": and—to paraphrase this sacred saying—it would by no means seem excessive to say to Mr. Stone, "Agility like yours is genius." Fred Stone is famous as a clown,—so famous that he is commonly called a super-clown: but he is more than that. He does easily and well anything that can be done by the developed human body. He is equally adept as a dancer, an acrobat, a boxer, or a skater. Mentally, also, he is gifted with a sense of humour, and with that great heart that humanizes humour and makes it instantly appeal to people otherwise devoid of any power to perceive it.

His physical training has afforded him an ease in action that might readily reveal itself in perfect grace. Instead, Mr. Stone has chosen to express his bodily genius in clever variations from the normal that are startling and incongruous and, in consequence, excruciatingly funny. He can summon tears of laughter to the eyes with his contortions, by virtue of the fact that he might so easily—and with the slightest change of method—call forth more poetical and easy tears by the exhibition of some consummate exercise of loveliness in movement.

A body that is genius must have been deserved; for we know that it was worked for. When Fred Stone rides a bicycle through a window, or skates on half a toe, he makes every man in the audience ashamed of himself for his inability to emulate this exercise of sheer agility; and this is a salutary lesson,—especially in war-time.

Whenever Mr. Stone is on the stage, the show called "Jack O'Lantern" seems alive; but this "musical extravaganza" has no merit in itself. The words (by Anne Caldwell), the music (by Ivan Caryll), and even the stage-direction (by R. H. Burnside), are inconsiderable. The costumes (designed by Helen Dryden, Robert McQuinn, and Gladys Monkhouse) are clever and artistic; and the manager (Mr. Charles Dillingham) should be commended for the good taste and high tone of the production. The fact remains, however, that the only valid reason why the public should be asked to patronize the show called "Jack O'Lantern" is to see Fred Stone:—but this is reason enough.

"CHU CHIN CHOW"

Everybody who is working in and for the theatre in America is personally fond of the three young men who constitute the ambitious and adventurous firm of Elliott, Comstock, and Gest. Everybody knows that the production of "Chu Chin Chow" must have cost an unprecedented sum of money; and everybody hopes that the good fellows and good sports who put this money up may get their money back. That is, perhaps, a reason why "Chu Chin Chow" has been praised by many critics beyond its just deserts.

"Chu Chin Chow" is a big show, and it will probably succeed because of its extraordinary magnitude; but there is nothing great about it. Harry Lauder on a bare stage—with no scenery, nor properties, nor play, nor other actors—is more impressive than this big show—with its three hundred actors, its thirteen sumptuous scenes, its lavish costumes, its music, lights, and accumulated properties. Why? . . . Because a great man, unassisted, radiates a keener sense of life than the most elaborate and most magnificent concoction that is merely manufactured.

"Chu Chin Chow" is an Oriental narrative, arranged and told by Oscar Asche and set to music by Frederic Norton. The piece is based on the immortal story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; and, because of the richness of this material, the critic can only be surprised at the paucity of dramatic appeal in the present play. More drama was concentrated in a single act of "Kismet," or in a single episode of "Sumurûn," than in all the thirteen several scenes of "Chu Chin Chow." Most of the present narrative is dull, and does not seem to matter. Even the noted actors in the cast are not allowed a chance to act.

If the piece fails as a play, it fails also as an opera; for the music composed by Mr. Norton is commonplace and thin. But it is necessary still to estimate this big show as a spectacle. Thirteen several sets demand consideration: — for what more could be offered to the public by the cinematograph? The scenery for "Chu Chin Chow" was painted by Joseph and Phil Harker, of London, who used to work for Sir Henry Irving when some of us were young; and the entire spirit of the undertaking is conducted in accord with the traditions of the old Lyceum Theatre. The standard of the new stagecraft is never once erected; and, so far as a sympathetic eye may see, the whole production might have been inspired by the late Sir Herbert Tree.

The costumes were designed by Percy Anderson; and some of them are striking. Ingenious, also, is the handling of the fore-stage while the back-stage is being prepared for a scene intended to overwhelm the audience. Much else might possibly be said in praise of the production of "Chu Chin Chow"; but the play itself is desultory and disappointing, and the general impression that it makes is dull and undramatic.

"THE TORCHES"

"The Torches," which was presented by the Messrs. Shubert at the Bijou Theatre on October 24, with that excellent actor, Mr. Lester Lonergan, in the leading rôle, is the first important play of the current theatre season. In fact, "The Torches" is the only play produced for the first time in New York in August, September, or October that seems to have been written by a grown-up man with an educated intellect. At a time when our theatre is overwhelmed with triviality, it is a privilege to emphasize the credit due to Mr Lonergan and to the Messrs. Shubert for showing us a very able play by a very able author.

"The Torches" ("Les Flambeaux") was written by Henry Bataille, and was first produced in Paris in 1912, two years before the outbreak of the war. M. Bataille has long been recognized as one

(*Continued on page 102*)

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SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 100*)

of the eight leading playwrights of contemporary France; and "Les Flambeaux" ranks high among his works. The hero of this drama is imagined as a great man; and it is wonderful to listen to this hero, expressing big ideas in language that is worthy of them. Such a privilege is by no means customary on Broadway. It is, instead, a usual experience to feel, uncomfortably, that most of the brain-power in the theatre is concentrated on the wrong side of the footlights. The average audience asks for bread and is answered with a stone. It is only rarely that our theatre-going public is permitted to meet an author who can think more quickly, more clearly, more profoundly, and more nobly than the people whom he is addressing.

"The Torches" is primarily a drama of ideas; but these ideas are expressed, not abstractly but concretely, through the medium of many characters that are drawn with unfaltering fidelity to life. Furthermore, the play is admirably made; for Mr. Bataille is a disciple of Alexandre Dumas *fils* and has inherited a due respect for the virtue of technique. The French mind is both logical and lucid; and an artist like M. Bataille is not impeded in his work by any nonsense. In common with our own Pinero, he holds these truths to be self-evident:—that the drama should be dramatic, that the theatre should be theatrical, and that a man who writes for actors should offer them an opportunity to act.

This play, which gives articulate expression to abstract intellectual ideas, too lofty in themselves to be assailed by the sound and fury of the traffic of the stage, is also planned in such a way as to "give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre." These words—as the majority of readers know—are Sir Arthur Pinero's. M. Bataille is not of those who think that, if a man has something to say, he should strive to say it crudely, and therefore ineffectively. Every actor in "The Torches" is granted a rich opportunity to act; and—mainly for this reason—the piece seems better played, from top to bottom of the cast, than any other drama that is current on our stage.

Space is lacking for an adequate analysis of the theme and subject-matter of this monumental composition; but every one who reads this article is urged to see "The Torches" in the theatre.

"ANTHONY IN WONDERLAND"

Mr. Monckton Hoffe has always been a disappointing dramatist. He disappoints us not so much because of his defects as because of his quite obvious endowments. In "The Little Damozel," in "Panthea," and now in "Anthony in Wonderland," he has shown originality, inventiveness, an extraordinary gift of fancy, and an unconventional sense of humour; but all these plays have failed, because the author has not mastered the elusive mysteries of the technique of the stage.

In "Anthony in Wonderland," the hero is drugged and bodily transported to a camp of moving-picture actors, where he comes to consciousness and proceeds to act according to the logic of a photo-drama of Far Western Life which he recently has witnessed. He thinks, all the while, that he is merely dreaming, and this thought is underscored when he is drugged a second time and carried back to his customary quarters.

In pattern, then, the piece exhibits a burlesque of the current moving-picture play, enclosed between a prologue and an epilogue that are localized in actuality. This pattern might have been employed successfully by a dramatist more dexterous than Mr. Monckton Hoffe; but, in his hands, the piece committed suicide by reason of his tedious over-writing of the prologue and the epilogue. Long before the really interesting point was reached, the audience agreed with Hamlet's dictum,—"Words, words, words!"

The admirable acting of Mr. Henry Miller, and his tactful stage-direction, were wasted on this inefficient play. Mr. Miller's own performance was a thing of beauty:—it was so prettily satirical, so charmingly and lightly humorous. He has never played a part that stamped him as a finer artist. But the people who had paid their money for the privilege of seeing the great protagonist of "The Great Divide" expected a more serious and weighty play, and were consequently disappointed.

"EVE'S DAUGHTER"

It is pleasant to record the fact that Miss Grace George has decided to resume her interrupted effort to establish a resident stock-company at The Playhouse; for Miss George is not only an unusually able actress but also an imaginative manager.

Her present offering, entitled "Eve's Daughter," by Alicia Ramsey, is a disappointing play; but it shows Miss George to manifest advantage as an actress. The trouble with the play is that it ought to be a novel. It is well constructed and well written; but the pattern and the mood are narrative and commentative, instead of seeming instant and dramatic. Good acting is contributed not only by Miss George but also by many other members of her carefully selected company; and yet the play is not a play, because it seems to be, instead, a work of written fiction, intended to be read.

"Eve's Daughter" exhibits an analytic study of a despicable human type,—the adventurous virgin who is forever seeking the excitement of seduction, only to retreat at the final and conclusive moment in order to retain a technical reputation for purity. This type is always interesting to pathologic students of the human race; but, in the present play, Miss Ramsey has revealed more sympathy for her investigating heroine than the character deserves. People who deliberately play with fire should be burned.

"ROMANCE AND ARABELLA"

"Où sont les neiges d'antan?"; sang the greatest and most poignant of all mediaeval poets: and, analogously, a contemporary critic might inquire, "Where are the heroines of yesteryear?" In "Romance and Arabella," a clever author—Mr. William Hurlbut—asks us to be interested in a woman afflicted with the habit of promising to marry every man she meets. Engaged at last to half a dozen suitors, this heroine—to symbolize the pattern in a common figure—flips up a coin and marries one of them; and, as a corrollary of this frivolous procedure, the audience is invited to assume that she lives happily forever after.

Mr. Hurlbut's heroine is true enough to type, but she is not "sympathetic" to the public; and, in consequence, the excellent acting of Miss Laura Hope Crews is forced to win its way against a prejudice. The casual, uncritical, but basically human audience likes to see a fine actress employed in the portrayal of a fine woman; and this helter-skelter public, quite forgivably, regrets the fact that so excellent an actress as Miss Crews should be required to portray the type of woman that no ordinary man would care to have around the house.

Mr. Hurlbut's play is well constructed and well written. If it fails to please the public, the fault must be assigned to its subject-matter, rather than its workmanship.

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The CHARM THAT COMES *with* YEARS

(*Continued from page 89*)

the sheerest and finest of cream coloured French muslin gave a becoming bit of white at the wearer's throat.

One of the guests at the wedding of Miss Frederica Bull wore the high black hat pictured at the upper right on page 89, the height of which was emphasized by black feathers. An interesting detail of this woman's costume was the curious Russian necklace which she wore about her neck and which gave a most attractive touch of richness as her wide stole of skunk fur slipped a trifle from her shoulders.

A hat worn by an interesting gray-haired woman, at one of the autumn races, is sketched on page 89, at the upper left. From the back of the small hat of dark brown faille rose a cockade of cock feathers, and over it all was a sheer veil with a fine hexagonal mesh; this was tied in a nonchalant little bow at the back. This idea of tying the veil in a bow which is visible on the hat is a rather new whim and, when properly done, it is very smart. This same woman wore a fox skin about her neck, and the tawny tones softened the brown of her velvet dress. She also wore a string of pearls and rather large pearl earrings. Pearl earrings, by the way, are invariably becoming to a white-haired woman and are very frequently worn by smart members of the older generation.

The gray hat sketched in the middle at the bottom of page 89 was seen on the lawn of the club house at Piping Rock, during that mild afternoon of the autumn horse show. In this hat, the height was given by the actual shape. The hat was made of velvety gray wool velours, corded about the side and trimmed with conventional little ornaments of gray feathers, which emphasized its height. On the same afternoon and at the same place appeared the exceedingly chic costume sketched at the lower left on page 89. The gown of white chiffon was very simply made, with a series of tucks just above the waist-line and a border of white cloth at the bottom. With this was worn a large, flat, purple hat, trimmed with several large purple flowers placed flat against the crown and brim. The woman who wore this gown carried a long purple stick, and about her neck was wound a white chiffon scarf, the ends of which floated in the breeze. A scarf of this kind is one of the most becoming and effective accessories that a woman who is past her first youth can adopt. It conceals any defects which may appear in the smooth whiteness of the throat and gives a touch of distinction to its wearer. At the Red Cross Fête at Huntington, the same woman wore, with a dark frock, a large black veil with quite a decided tracery running through it. This veil was tied loosely over her face and caught in tight about the throat, and, in, addition to the veil, she wore a black lace scarf much after the fashion of the chiffon scarf.

At the first of the autumn races at Piping Rock, the short-coated black satin gown, sketched at the lower right on page 89, was worn by a charming woman with gray hair. The gown was embroidered at the sides with a rather large design in gray thread, and about the neck was a sheer white collar. From the back of the fairly large hat of black satin, worn with it, rose some stiff black feathers, giving a distinctly smart line.

Interesting as is the daytime wardrobe of the older woman, however, it is probably at night that she looks her very best. She can wear jewels of an elaborateness denied the younger woman, and if she is clever she may use them to add both charm and distinction. A prominent New York woman affects the very high pearl dog-collar sketched at the right in the middle of page 89, and the great rope of pearls shown beneath it. With these she wears large pearl earrings, and the effect is extremely rich, without any suggestion of over-elaborateness, as the whiteness of the pearls tones exquisitely with her skin and hair. The hair is drawn back from her face and piled high at the back of her head without any visible knot and, following the line of its contour, a single ostrich plume is worn. When this sketch was made, the plume was of a deep coral tone, giving a note of colour to a costume that was otherwise all black and silver.

THE PROPHET

(*Continued from page 95*)

an international guarantee for the Capitulations, and third, for internal matters, an arrangement along the lines of the original and little known firma of Midhat Pasha."

A murmur of complete satisfaction went round the group.

"I don't say," continued the Eminent Authority, "that there wouldn't be other minor matters to adjust; but they would be a mere detail; you ask me, for instance, for a *milice*, or at least a gendarmerie, in the Albanian hinterland; very good, I grant it you at once. You retain, if you like, you abolish the Cypriotic suzerainty of the Porte,—all right. These are matters of indifference."

We all assumed a look of utter indifference.

"But what about the Dardanelles? Would you have them fixed so that ships could go through, or not?" asked Rapley. He is a plain man, not easily put down and liking a plain answer. Plainly, then, he got it.

"The Dardanelles," said the Authority, "could easily be denationalized under a quadrilateral guarantee to be made a pars materia of the factum foederis."

"That ought to hold them," I murmured. The Authority felt now that he had pretty well settled the map of Europe.

He rose and shook hands with us all around very cordially. We did not try to detain him. We felt that time like this was too valuable to be wasted on things like us.

"Well,—I tell you," said Rapley, as we settled back into our chairs when the Great Authority had gone,—"my own opinion, boys, is that the United States and England can trim Germany and Austria any day in the week and twice on Sunday." After which somebody else said, "I wonder how many of these submarines Germany has anyway." And then we drifted back into the humbler kind of war talk that we have been carrying on for three years, in all our clubs, restaurants and public places.

But later, as we walked home together, Rapley said to me, "That fellow threw a lot of light on things in Europe, didn't he?" And I answered, "Yes."

What liars we all are!

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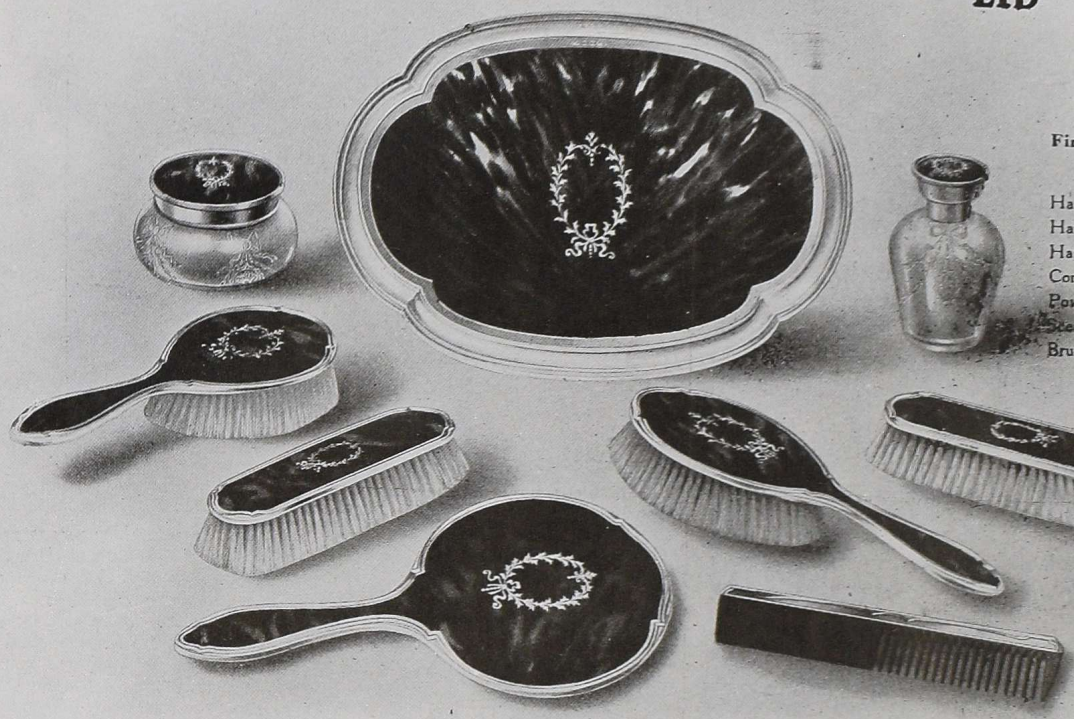

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Fig. 1 Fig. 2

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'Mayflowa' SHOES

MAKERS *of* MUSIC

(*Continued from page 81*)

Ruth Miller is a young American singer who will make her American début in opera this winter at the Metropolitan

Mishkin Studio

lying towns, and twice they were disappointed. An angel straight from the starry heavens could hardly be anticipated more ardently than she will be next January. But the company lists many other eminent names besides—among them those of Nellie Melba, Vanni Marcoux, Lucien Muratore, Ricardo Stracciari, Marthe Chenal, and Maud Fay are prominent.

THE NEW OPERAS

The new operas promised are less interesting in themselves than in their unwonted abundance. At the Metropolitan there is to be a light work, "Lodoletta" from Mascagni's pen, and a diverting romantic piece based on the Arabian Nights, by a minor Parisian composer, Rabaud. By some curious sport of fortune, the general manager has elected to make an opera out of Liszt's indifferent oratorio, "Saint Elizabeth", for the present season. These pieces may turn out to be pleasant surprises, but, in the preliminary view, the only works which truly whet the interest are Henry F. Gilbert's "The Dance of the Place Congo" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's inimitable satiric opera, "*Le Coq d'Or.*" Mr. Campanini's operas promise rather better. There is the long-delayed "Isabeau" by Mascagni, and Leroux's impressive work, "*Le Chemineau*", one of the finest of the more conservative French operas of the last two decades. Erlanger's "Aphrodite" promises to be rather a *succés de scandale* than an artistic triumph. But two new American works, Henry Hadley's "Azora" and Arthur Nevin's "A Daughter of the Forest" are likely, in conjunction with the Metropolitan production of Charles Wakefield Cadman's "Shanewis", to give much matter to the disputants of the "American School of Opera" controversy. Altogether the opera season will be a lively one, though it may not fill many pages in the future history of American music.

A new impulse, too, seems to have taken possession of our orchestras, which this season promise to dare more fruitfully than ever in the domain of modern music. And finally, the small recitals will be unbelievably numerous. Already, in fact, at the time of this writing, the two important concert halls of New York have for weeks been populous with devoted music-lovers. Of all the recitals which have thus far been heard, it is perhaps that of Anna Case which sticks most tenaciously in the memory. Miss Case, alike in opera and in concert, has in the past been an artist of promise, but only this season has she graduated from her apprenticeship into full-rounded achievement. Her recent recital in Carnegie Hall should establish her (and this is said advisedly) as one of the great Lieder singers of America. If one had held a sort of score card over her singing, checking up in a mechanical kind of way her varied abilities, one would have been obliged to accord her, at the end of her programme, an astonishingly high "percentage." Her voice is a lyric soprano, trained to rare beauty and purity of tone and floated upon a breath that is well nigh perfectly controlled. Her tone quality, though not wide in range, has its nicely modulated shades from full yellow sunlight to a soft gray twilight. It is true that her high register lacks a little in the fulness that operatic audiences most love. But this fulness is an exaggerated virtue, which has a higher rating in the mind of the sensation-seeking audience, than it has to the careful commentator. Perhaps Miss Case will overcome her difficulties with her high tones. If she does, if she can get "opera" into her voice and at the same time preserve the artistry that she has shown this season, she will be a model for every young singer. Without the robustness of Elena Gerhardt or the somewhat cold perfection of Julia Culp, she combines the many *desiderata* of good Lieder singing as do very few of our younger artists. Her enunciation, especially in English, equals that of Nora Bayes. (Let this be praise enough for any singer.) Her attack is almost invariably accurate and her sustained notes, which are held without a quiver and without a rift in the tonal texture, are well nigh flawless. The delicate way in which she releases her phrases reveals the perfect schooling of her vocal organs.

A MASTER OF THE VIOLIN

It is scarcely needful to recount in similar fashion the abilities of Evan Williams, whose admirers will speak for him, and justly. This season, as last, he retains his easy mastery of a full rich tone. But what especially keeps his audiences clamouring for encores by the handful is, one suspects, his control of the pianissimo in all registers. It is the royal road to tenor popularity.

But, of all the concerts that have come within the ken thus early in the season, that of Mischa Elman has been the most applauded. In the past we have dared the wrath of Mr. Elman's myriad devotees by suggesting that he had become somewhat careless of the exactions of good taste, that he had played too much to the facile plaudits of sentimental enthusiasm, that he had neglected the ceaseless cultivation of his notable talents and

(*Continued on page 108*)

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MAKERS *of* MUSIC

(*Continued from page 106*)

surprising technique in order to follow the trail of easy popularity. At his recent recital he played a fine old concerto by Vivaldi with notable dignity, though without that aristocratic distinction which a violinist like Kreisler would have given to it. In the brilliant and tempting "*Symphonie Espagnole*" by Lalo, he played with great purity of intonation and accuracy of bowing. Mr. Elman's uncannily mysterious legato tone (at times it is like a voice from the tomb in one of Poe's tales) is still richly at his command, but on this occasion it did not, as so often in the past, assume an overshadowing importance and condition his whole reading of the work. So long as Mr. Elman plays as conscientiously and as discriminatingly as he did at his first recital this season, he will merit the respect, as well as the love, of his admirers.

RECENT RECITALS

Minor violinists have not been few. An American, Samuel Gardner, exhibited an inspiring honesty of method and a splendidly pure and vigorous tone at a recent Aeolian Hall recital. Far superior to most young aspirants in technical equipment, he showed what is still rarer, a fine grasp of all the basic musical values. Many an older violinist could learn from his noble performance of the Bach G minor concerto, accompanied by an excellent string orchestra. Miss Marie Caslova, on the other hand, is somewhat inclined to betray her youthfulness in her execution. When she is leisurely and careful she produces a commendably pure tone and trips with sprightly effect over rapid passages. But enthusiasm sometimes overcomes discretion, and at such times she is likely to let false and harsh tones fall from her instrument. Mme. Elizaveta Kalova, if less sprightly, is more successful in emotional passages. At a recent recital, devoted wholly to Slavic music, she played with stirring effect. It is to be questioned, however, whether the exotic picture of her flaming red dress, was not out of key with the modesty needful for an afternoon recital by a young artist. Such things really matter. For the art of the performer is the art of producing a certain effect upon an audience, and in this effect all details of costume and presence play their part.

Mr. Godowsky's appearance for his first recital of the season in New York revives for a space the old controversy concerning his "coldness." It has become a dogma with concert-goers, and no less with reviewers, that Mr. Godowsky lacks "warmth" and "feeling" in his performance. Indeed, his various enemies have at times become bitter in their characterization, complaining of his devotion to technique as an end, dubbing him "pianola", "velocipede", and the like. But when such charges are bandied about, it is usually safe to assume that the artist in question possesses some high artistic qualities, for fidelity to technical transcendentalism is not the short and easy road to popularity. And at some point in his programme, such an artist will usually justify himself. So, at least, it was with Mr. Godowsky. In three wonderful old French dances, arranged by himself for the modern pianoforte, he revealed at its loveliest his infinitely delicate finger-work. Yet no less engaging was the amazing vigor of his performance. These old pieces, like most eighteenth century music are quite devoid of emotional feeling. Why, then, attempt to emotionalize them for modern ears? The lovely pattern work which the old composers used to cultivate is almost crowded out of modern piano programmes, save only in some of the works of Bach. Mr. Godowsky, by virtue of his critical mind and his impeccable technique, is able to impart to them their true values, however unfashionable in the modern concert hall. It is true that he gives little pleasure to his hearers in the romantic pieces of Chopin and Schubert. It is also unfortunately true that he includes such pieces in many of his programmes, presumably because of the dogma which says that a pianist, to be of first eminence, must be an "all around" artist. But this dogma is less tyrannical than it was five years ago. It should be possible for Mr. Godowsky to devote himself chiefly to the old music, or to music motivated by the older ideals, and make himself supreme in that field. He can afford to laugh at the scoffer who attributes to him no ideals save those of the machine. He is a great enough artist to choose his programmes for himself, and to give to his audiences something of the noble physical energy of the old dances, some sense of the beautiful tracery of the old toccatas and suites.

The playing of Lillian Ammalee, who recently made her bow to a New York audience, falls a little strangely on modern ears. It recalls to the older concert-goers the ideals of a past generation, when pianos were less ponderous than they are today. Over a brilliant Weber rondo or a negligible dance by Beethoven she can spin with unbelievable speed and lightness. Her finger-work is amazingly deft, and her bravura passages unusually neat in execution. Her playing is brittle as a delicate piece of china; it is pianism that would have delighted our grandmothers. Nor is it wholly out of place today, but it is by its very virtues limited, and Miss Ammalee will needs search long through modern musical literature to find the pieces exactly suited to her extremely facile talent.

A NEW PRESENTATION OF DEBUSSY

Rosita Renard possesses a more balanced musicianship, but lacks, it would seem, the strength needed for a long and exacting programme. She has a nice sense of values in tone and rhythm, but is at her present stage of development unable to give the necessary vigour to pieces of larger design. In some of the minor Chopin dances, and in an occasional pictorial piece by Debussy, she is at her best, an artist of marked taste and judgment. Frances Nash also shows good sense and sympathetic understanding in her reading of romantic pieces, but is inclined to blur the outline and to use the pedal somewhat carelessly. She would seem, too, to be lacking in the playful humour necessary to reveal the qualities in Debussy's minor conceits, which are musically too slender to live other than by the inventive fancy of the executant.

Quite another effect was produced by the concert for two pianos given by Guy Maier and Lee Pattison. At such a recital, the listener is in reality outside the realm of ordinary piano concerts. For two pianos, like two violins, acquire a totally new set of musical values. They become, what the piano alone never quite becomes, a miniature orchestra. The blending of tone imparts an orchestral timbre to the sound. The range and resources of the instrument seem to be not doubled but quadrupled. Effects quite unknown to the concert pianist may be produced from the combination. So in the new Debussy pieces, grouped under the title "Black and White," there was a suggestion of colours, sombre and glittering, which cannot elsewhere be heard except at an orchestral concert. The best of these pieces, "To Lieutenant Jacques Charlot, killed by the enemy in March, 1915," is a dramatic dirge to a fallen warrior, inviting the imagination of the listener to play upon all sorts of pictures of the obsequies. Within a great cathedral, one imagines, the crowds are gathered to pay their last reverence to courage. The grave Gregorian chant

(*Continued on page 110*)

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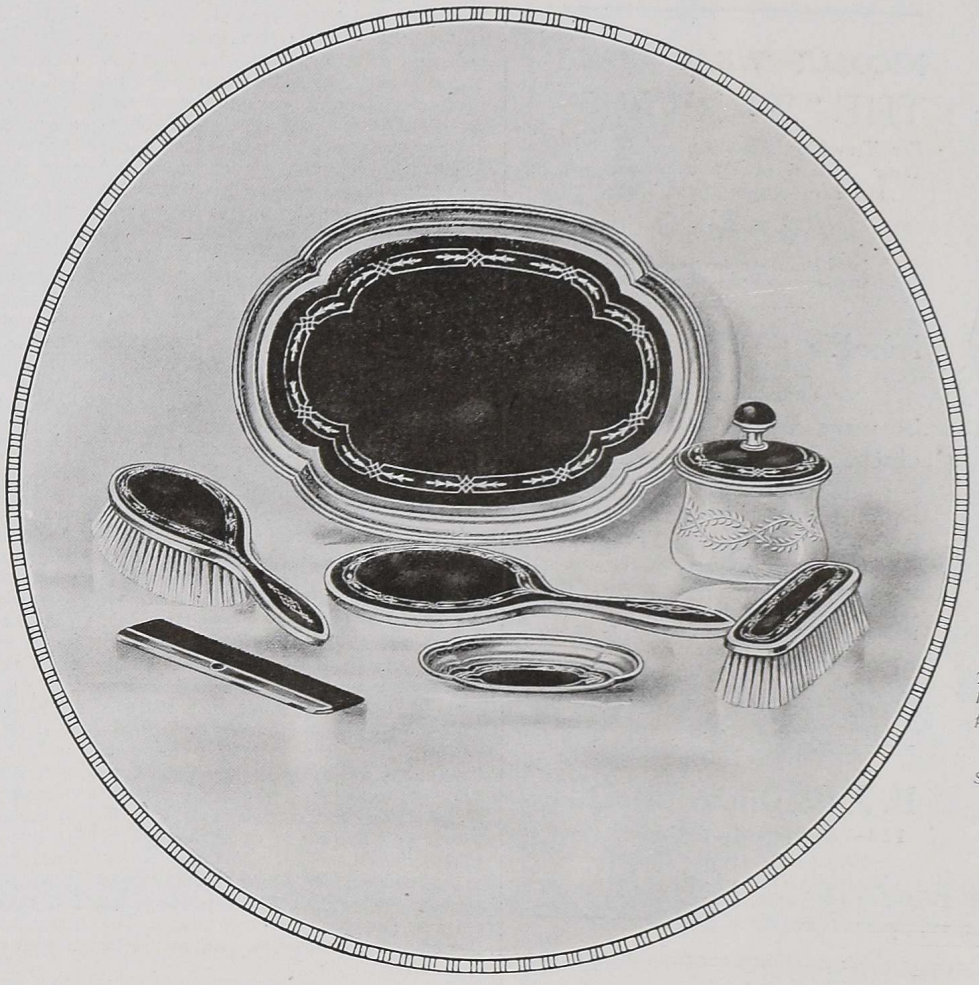

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FASHIONS *for* LIMITED INCOMES

(*Continued from page 93*)

gowns are carried out in velvet in one tone, softened by linings and facings of chiffon or Georgette crêpe in the same colour. The colours themselves are so rich that there is no need for trimming. Royal purple, tomato red, soft and gray, and emerald green, are all used, as well as the unfailingly effective black. Occasionally one sees a white velvet gown, the effect of which is very soft, charming, and altogether feminine. The gown sketched in the middle at the top of page 93 is shown in pale gray velvet, with the fichu and deep ruffled cuffs of pale gray chiffon, and an underskirt of chiffon, pleated. Narrow bands of skunk trim this gown, and the contrast of the dark fur against the delicate material is very lovely.

It is sometimes a difficult thing to express personality and individuality in the choice of gowns, for surroundings and prevailing modes are both to be considered; but the simple gown for evening wear at home gives one unusual opportunity for this. For the younger matron or for the young girl, the home frock (for a gown loses its formal title and calls itself just a frock when a young woman wears it) is most appropriate when it is carried out in chiffon, and pastel shades are the most becoming for the evening.

Sketched at the lower left on page 93 is a quaint and charming frock which would be very pretty in a soft French blue—that old-blue shade that suggests silver. An underslip of silver tinsel would brighten it, and a corsage bouquet of hand-made flowers might be carried out in bright purple silk and silver threads. If one wished a more elaborate effect, all the outer edges might be picot-edged in silver thread.

Popular as home entertainments are to be, there will still be times when one must go out to more formal affairs. The gown for these occasions, too, should be as distinguished as it is simple. Sketched at the upper right on page 93 is a very pretty model. It is of a style which is appropriate for almost every evening occasion,—dinner, play, or opera,—as velvet, which is its material, is being worn for all of these occasions. Vivid colours are never quite so good in a gown of this type as are the subdued shades. The soft shade of petunia would be very lovely for the velvet of this gown, and the tulle sleeves should be in the same shade. The underbodice should be of silver, veiled in the tulle, and the narrow girdle, which seems to tie in front, would be lovely in silver cloth embroidered in tiny rhinestones.

Some of the smartest evening wraps are really coats this year, and a coat-wrap of this kind is a very good investment, for it is the sort of garment which may be used in the afternoon as appropriately as in the evening. It may be made in the style of the coat sketched at the lower right on page 93, in black velveteen, lined with white satin, and the high collar and wide cuffs may be of chinchilla squirrel; in this fashion the entire wrap could be accomplished at a very reasonable cost.

Afternoon gowns are still being shown in velvet, for velvet is favoured for almost any costume this year. There is a lovely shade of moss green that is especially smart and so rich in colour that it does not need elaborate trimming. Fur is used a great deal, particularly in narrow bands. In fact, fur has almost entirely taken the place of embroideries. In the sketch at the upper left on page 93, can one see how charmingly it combines with velvet in an afternoon dress. This model buttons at the back of the bodice, and the skirt is interestingly draped at either side, in a fashion that is seen on many smart street costumes.

MAKERS *of* MUSIC

(*Continued from page 108*)

sounds in the midst of the trampling of many feet, and from the vaults above come echoes as from the voices of a choir unseen. There appears then the vision of the battle in which the hero lost his life, the distant diapason of the Lutheran hymn which has served the Germans as a battle song, the rumble and clatter of combat, the blast of bugles and the singing of the soldiers in the field. Undoubtedly, the piece is too long, and certainly the other numbers in the group are disappointingly empty of musical beauty. But in this one experiment Debussy has suggested tantalizing possibilities in the use of this new instrument, the double piano. Here is a fascinating field for the modern composer. It is a pity that more has not been done in this field, for Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison, admirable artists that they are, are obliged to fall back upon musical trash like the Von Wilm Variations, after what must have been a discouraging search for programme material suitable for them.

COURAGEOUS UNCONVENTIONALITY

The great popularity of Christine Miller, who recently gave her first recital of the season in Aeolian Hall, is well deserved, in spite of the uneven quality of her singing. Miss Miller possesses a "mezzo-contralto" voice of rare beauty, and an evident artistic sincerity which wins hearts. She has courage, alike in the composition and the interpretation of her programmes. In the recital in question no fewer than seven of her songs were written for and dedicated to her. The significance of this fact may not be evident to the casual observer. It means that Miss Miller has indicated to composers her willingness to put new songs on her programmes. How welcome such an attitude is, only the sincere and struggling composer can testify. The dogma of the "safe and sane" programme still holds sway among singers, impelling them to select only songs of assured popularity and to regard the young composer as an aggressive nuisance. The young composer, accordingly, becomes discouraged, and either gives up song writing or devotes himself to the facile kind of rubbish that is assured of an easy sale. This attitude on the part of singers explains, above any other fact, the extraordinarily low average of American song-composition. It is singers like Miss Miller who are doing most to encourage serious American composition in the smaller forms. Our composers will gladly do their best work if only they can know that singers will meet them half way in bringing their songs before the public. Miss Miller has generously used her established popularity to assist artists not yet established. Moreover, she materially adds to the pleasure of her audiences by her custom of giving a preliminary precis of her new songs in foreign languages. In other ways, too, she shows that she has the courage to be unconventional. As an encore to one of her recital groups she sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" with fervid sincerity, in a largo tempo, making it truly a hymn, and a hymn which unlike "The Star Spangled Banner," might truly stir men to battle. If only she were a little less conventional in her somewhat noisy treatment of high tones in emotional passages her artistic record would be spotless.

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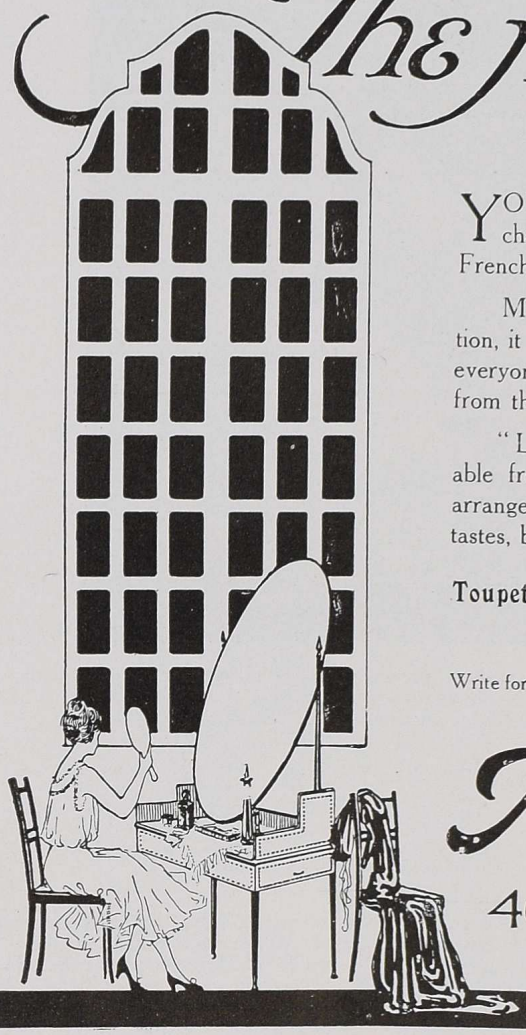

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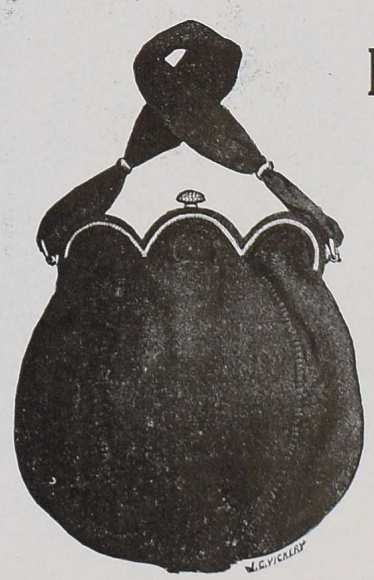

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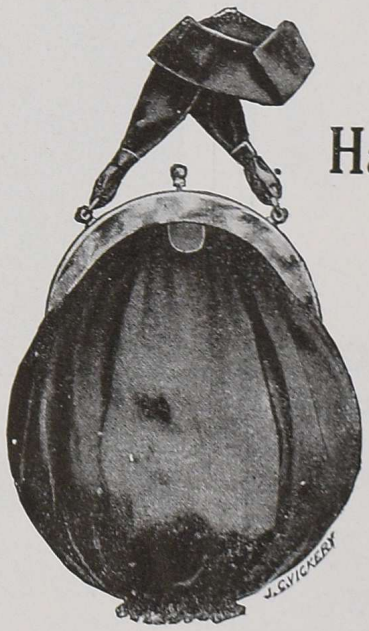

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A R T

(*Continued from page 80*)

Beach," with its Japanese effect of figures as bits of brilliant colour against the flat tone of sea and sky. In marked contrast to the sensitiveness of this sort of work are the heaviness of "La Torre" and the rugged forcefulness of "The Sheds".

The galleries of the National Arts Club housed during October one of those lingering exhibitions from the Panama-Pacific Exposition which have done so much to disseminate a knowledge of European art throughout America. This Netherlands exhibition represented the present day Dutch masters in all their variations, from the sober conservatism of Mauve and Kever to the "Steelworks" of Heyenbrock and the brilliantly blossoming apple trees of Zucker. Among the most notable of the canvases in this exhibition were the "Sheep Shearing" of Antoon Mauve, with its fine understanding of the intent thoroughness with which the Dutch peasant does his work, and the splendidly decorative "Pelicans" of van Essen, the great Dutch painter of birds, who, having lost his right hand, proves his ability to paint with his left.

One of those radiant afternoons beneath sun-flecked trees which are the delight of Gifford Beal's brush, is the subject of his excellent canvas, "King's Gardens", in the recent exhibition at the Montross gallery

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Scotch Knit Coat Specialists
West Corner, George Street
Edinburgh

Mrs. William Wood, lunching with friends, wore an ostrich-swathed hat and a veil of delicate design

NEW YORK CLOTHES ITSELF *in* DIGNITY

(*Continued from page 63*)

rimmed about the edge with ostrich feathers, which is sketched at the lower right of page 63.

Among the smartest costumes seen about New York this autumn was the frock worn at this final race meet by a slender dark-haired young woman and pictured at the upper left of page 63. It was made of dark green duvetyn of very fine quality. The skirt was laid in fine pleats and was, apparently, entirely separate from the upper portion of the gown, which seemed to slip on over the head and to fasten down the back with green buttons. This upper portion was slashed about the bottom from the knees to a point quite a bit below the waist-line. At the front it was slashed open at the neck and turned back in gray-faced revers which were caught together with a narrow green ribbon, slipped through buttonholes. The upper portion was lined with gray, which showed wherever the duvetyn was slashed. A hat of terra cotta velours and black fox furs formed a pleasing colour harmony.

LADY DUFF-GORDON'S CHARITY MATINÉES

This season, in place of her customary fashion opening, Lady Duff-Gordon gave two charity matinées in aid of Secours Franco-Americain Pour La France Dévastée. This took the form of a charming little pantomime called "Fleurette's Dream at Peronne," purporting to be the dream of Fleurette, a little French peasant girl, asleep in a cellar of the bombarded city whither a number of refugees from the horrors of war had sought asylum. In this dream Fleurette goes through a day of happiness, awaking in a little pink bed to which come a number of her friends to have "petit déjeuner" with her. In the pantomime the parts of Fleurette and her friends are acted by Lady Duff-Gordon's (Lucile's) manikins, and the clothes that they wear are those that Lucile would ordinarily show at her openings. A few of the loveliest of the frocks have been sketched; at the top of page 63 is a blue serge frock worn by Lady Duff-Gordon's stately manikin, Dolores. The coat, with its long tails, and the hat, with its dripping feathers, are things of pure joy. Nothing in the charming array of clothes was lovelier than the hats. The most characteristic of them were trimmed with ostrich feathers, which often curled off at the back of the hat in a fashion suggesting mid-Victorian styles. One of the most beautiful of these hats is sketched at the lower left of page 63. It is of tête de nègre velvet with long fronds of natural coloured uncurled ostrich feathers flat about the brim, and a little fan of gray goura at the front. The pretty manikin who wore this hat had her pearls arranged in an interesting manner, caught around her throat and allowed to escape in a long loop at the back. Long strands of pearls are among Lucile's most characteristic accessories and both she and her manikins wear them very effectively.

More true to mid-Victorian types was the blue hat worn by another pretty manikin, sketched at the bottom of this page; it was trimmed with gray plumage. When Fleurette went for a morning stroll in dreamland, she met, among other charmingly attired friends, one who wore the costume of brown velvet trimmed with flying squirrel pictured at the top of page 63, which was one of Lucile's most successful creations. This costume was topped with a hat of orange velvet and worn with tan boots—both of which, by the way, are still shown by many of Lucile's manikins.

Among those who went to view the pantomime and to see the new things which Lucile is presenting was Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce, sketched at the upper left of page 62, herself a piquant picture in high pleated collar and a black hat turned up from her face and boasting two floating streamers of black ribbon.

Of a mid-Victorian type was the blue hat trimmed with fluffy gray plumage, worn by a Lucile manikin

Mrs. Cyril Hatch wears a little sand-coloured chenille hat and a blue cape with a sand coloured lining

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Under Royal Patronage

MONSIEUR VASCO'S Improved Permanent Hair Waving Process entirely does away with the frizziness so often objected to, and is really excellent for country, sea, or town, being unaffected by any atmospherical change, and giving the appearance of natural wavy hair. Kindly allow a fair margin of time when booking appointment.

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"RADIOR" HAIR TONIC is guaranteed the finest therapeutic preparation known to science for producing Healthy Hair, and in addition, contains the correct quantity of **Actual Radium** for producing permanently healthy and abundant tresses.

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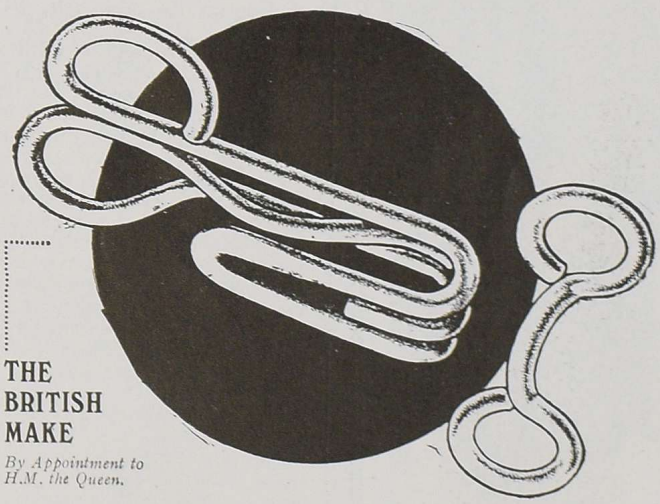

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Post Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

DICKINS & JONES Ltd. REGENT ST. LONDON W.1

AS SEEN *by* HIM

(*Continued from page 73*)

the extremely old-fashioned variety which the gentlemen of colour always carry for social purposes, than boxes of the "safety" variety. It seems absurd, when we used to get everything of that kind from England, that their men cannot find decent steel with which to shave themselves. I am glad, in a way, to chronicle it. America is coming into its own. I have sent packages and packages of cigarettes from here, and some of them, in fact the majority of them, were of London brand. I have had appealing calls from Southern boys for Perique tobacco, such as the Louisianians smoke in those cigarettes which they roll themselves, with coarse brown paper, into delightfully fragrant and strong smokes which are not doctored in Havana. French tobacco, as you know, is awful.

ON SENDING CANDY

If the candy-makers here would only put up the old-fashioned kind, in some flat package, I am sure it would be a treat. I think that now the embargo against "American sweets" has been lifted abroad. As I understand, you could only bring in a limited quantity. However, our chewing-gum has captured our Allies, and it is really so much better than much of the British and French chocolate squares. Perhaps our Y. M. C. A., in spreading the taste for ice-cream sodas and sundaes in foreign lands — a wise missionary work—have included old-fashioned candy. I always send as much as I can abroad for Christmas; so many pounds of broken and so many of molasses and so many pounds of sticks are my usual contributions. These suggestions are not new, only old reminders. I have known Americans to weep with joy over the sight and savour of waffles and buckwheat cakes or even hominy and corned-beef hash, when coming upon these home delicacies abroad. I only offer you this hint; if you are sending anything to the other side, let it be "homey."

In spite of the fact that this is a troubled world our Christmas may be gay. There is plenty of money and there are most delightful ways to spend it. The shops are more brilliant and more gorgeous than ever. It is a mistake to think, that because hostesses have decided not to hold the various dancing-assemblies and classes, this winter, it will be a dull season,—far from it. Perhaps the cynic may say that it was more from the absence of dancing men than from patriotic motives that the Juniors and the Three Dances were given up, but I think that is unkind. Our women of fashion have established an attitude of patriotism in society, and they have consistently lived up to it. However, there is a great deal going on in a quiet way. We have the opera, numerous subscription charity affairs, dinners and luncheons galore, and many are dividing their time equally between town and country and keeping their suburban houses open. Others, as you know, never close the latter, as it is smart to keep two relays of servants, even although there is a shortage in footmen and men-servants. Again, the Southern camps are attractive, and the two most famous Virginia spas will be crowded all winter. Florida begins unusually early, and as for the Carolinas and Georgia, each of their resorts will have a banner season. Others who have not military affiliations are going to the Pacific coast and to the Spanish Main.

I have been asked about men hosts, and a few queries have been sent me concerning entertaining. I forthwith suggest a few "don'ts." First, concerning the opera: Sometimes the hostess of a party to the opera will dine her guests, but this is not always done. An opera dinner is *intime* and short, and you may be asked for the unusual hour of half-past seven, although smart people prefer eight o'clock. Owing to our military training, we are now practising strict punctuality. Even the fifteen minutes of grace is bad form. The greatest domestic problem in New York now is that of servants. Again, this question will be partially solved by giving the dinner at one of the smart restaurants. You are usually asked to meet at the restaurant, and you get there on time. Perhaps the unattached women meet at the home of the hostess; it is, however, quite proper for an unmarried or unattached woman to go with her maid to the public rendezvous, as there are always sitting or waiting-rooms. Most frequently, your hostess will send you—I am now addressing a man—your ticket, and you will be asked to join her at the opera. In that case, arrive not later than nine o'clock. If your party has not arrived, you can either sit in the rear of the box, or, if you choose, wait in the foyer. However, the first method is preferable. Another thing. You are asked to make yourself agreeable, but you must have tact enough not to stay all the evening in the box of your entertainers. You should circulate during one of the intermissions, pay visits to other box-holders or to friends in the stalls or discreetly disappear for a while, so as to allow the callers on your hostess to do their bit. Make a bluff at being a popular butterfly, even if you do not know a soul.

When quite a youth, and a stranger in the land, I went to the opera as one of the guests of a prominent New York hostess. I sat tight on my chair during two intermissions; at the third, Milady turned to me, and, sotto voce, but evidently annoyed, sang this strain, "Go out and visit somebody—don't you know the Astorbilts? Well, be seen in any box. I am not keeping a home for the friendless." It was extremely rude, unkind, and ill bred, but then she was a woman famed for her candour and lack of delicacy,—which were powerful social weapons at that time.

CONCERNING THE OPERA

Only rarely do hostesses give opera suppers. In the season, you are supposed to get your supper at some dance or ball which concludes the evening. If you have nothing of that sort on, you go to the club. If you have no club,—I cannot understand this lack, if you are going about in society—well, you will have to go to bed supperless, or go over to Broadway with some other man and get your supper there. I know many men think that an invitation to the opera is a bore, but, on the other hand, everybody goes to the Metropolitan, and it is a mighty nice habit to cultivate, since one meets the smartest people there. The opera is the social market, and this year, especially, when there are few, if any, large entertainments to be given, it is a highly desirable one.

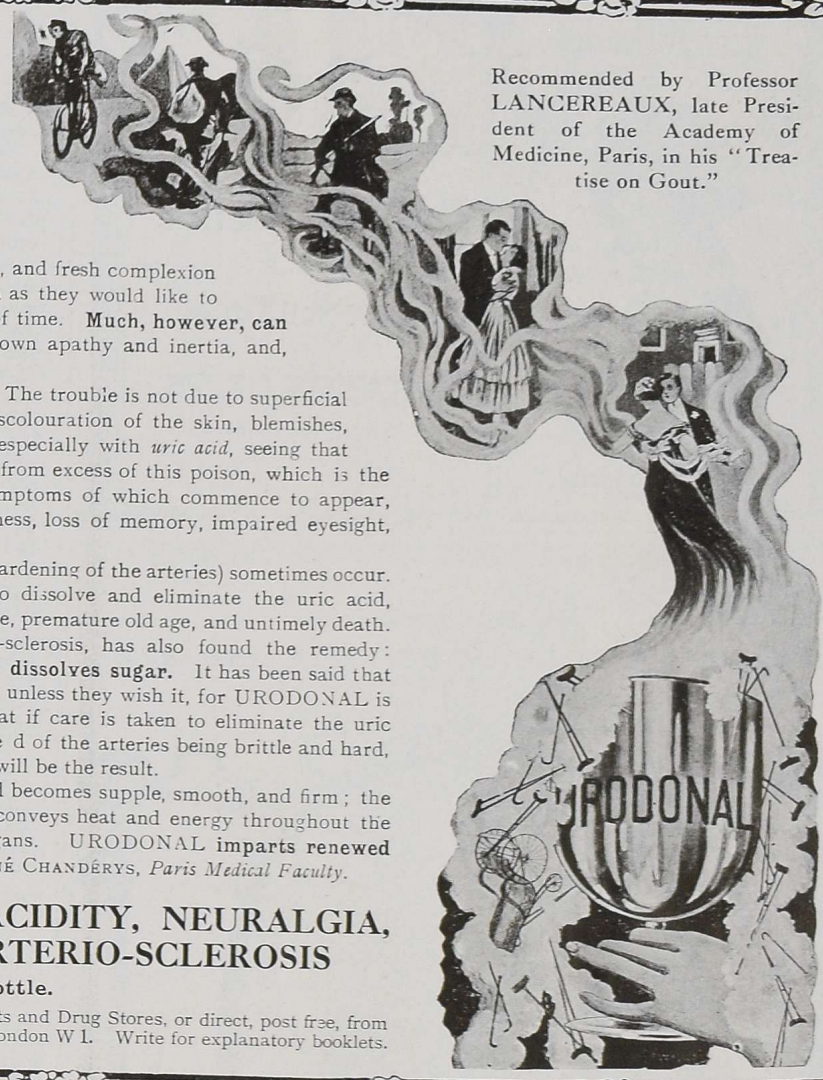
A theatre party is still more *intime* and must be jolly to be successful. If a man gives one, he should be most careful about getting the right people together and sounding them as to what they would like to see. For débutantes, the choice of plays is supposed to be limited and to consist of innocuous musical farce or polite comedy. The young person, however, is always more sophisticated than you suppose,—but there are mamma and papa to be considered. You may even call up your people by 'phone and give your affair the glamour of the impromptu. Your only trouble will be getting them together in the season. It is a hard matter, sometimes. It is well to give your dinner at an amusing restaurant, and to arrange your details all beforehand. And never ask people to a New York restaurant without making

(*Continued on page 120*)

URODONAL

RENEWS YOUTH

Recommended by Professor LANCEREAUX, late President of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, in his "Treatise on Gout."



Every woman welcomes the advice to retain her beauty, youth, and fresh complexion but the majority merely shrug their shoulders and protest that, much as they would like to be endowed with eternal youth, nothing can prevent the ravages of time. **Much, however, can be done,** as it is not at all a struggle against time, but against their own apathy and inertia, and, unfortunately, in many cases, against ignorance.

Why is it that so many women look old before their time? The trouble is not due to superficial causes only, for grey hair, flaccid tissues, increasing stoutness, discolouration of the skin, blemishes, wrinkles, etc., etc., are all caused through poisoning of the blood, especially with *uric acid*, seeing that 82 per cent. of men and women who have attained middle age suffer from excess of this poison, which is the cause of premature old age and arterio-sclerosis, the numerous symptoms of which commence to appear, viz.: shortness of breath, drowsiness after meals, headache, giddiness, loss of memory, impaired eyesight, palpitation, etc.

Even as early as at 30 years the symptoms of arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries) sometimes occur. The necessary measures should immediately be taken in order to dissolve and eliminate the uric acid, otherwise continual ill-health ensues, degeneration into chronic disease, premature old age, and untimely death.

Science, however, which has discovered the origin of arterio-sclerosis, has also found the remedy: URODONAL, **which dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar.** It has been said that people need not die before they wish; they need not grow old either unless they wish it, for URODONAL is at their disposal for destroying the cause of premature old age, so that if care is taken to eliminate the uric acid as fast as it is formed by the regular use of URODONAL, instead of the arteries being brittle and hard, they will remain soft and pliable as india-rubber, and perfect health will be the result.

After a course of URODONAL the skin takes on a rosy hue and becomes supple, smooth, and firm; the flesh is flexible and firm; the pulse is strong and active; rich blood conveys heat and energy throughout the body, thereby stimulating the healthy functioning of the different organs. URODONAL **imparts renewed youth and vitality to the whole system.** DR. RENÉ CHANDÉRYS, *Paris Medical Faculty.*

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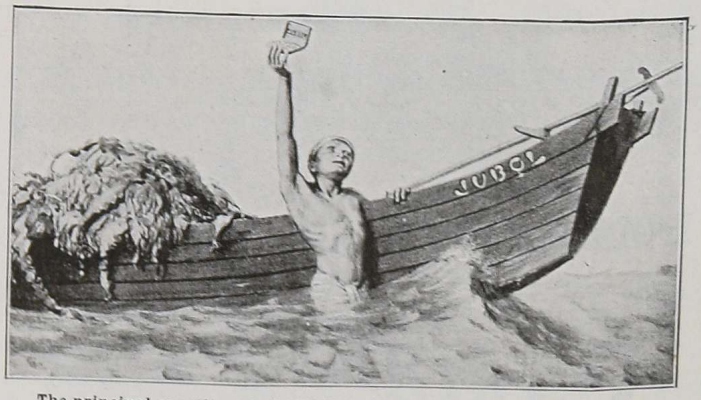

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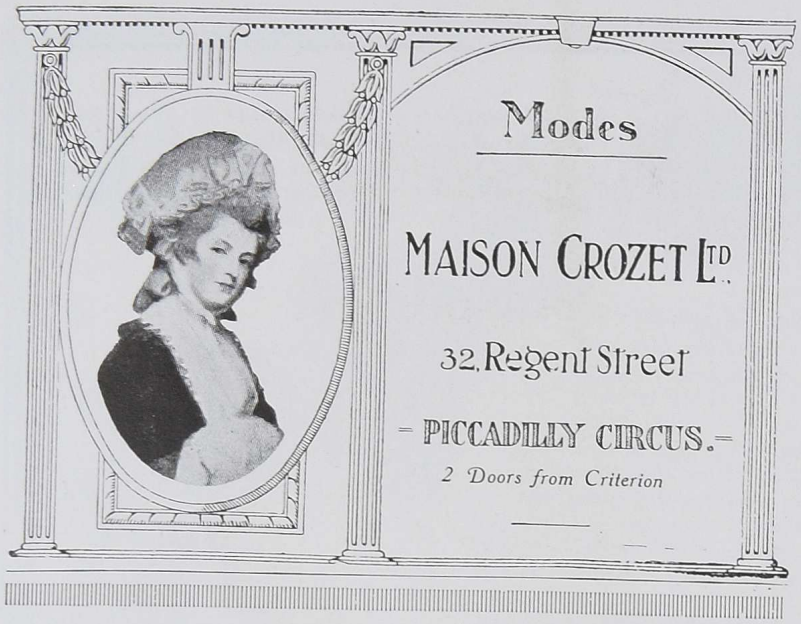

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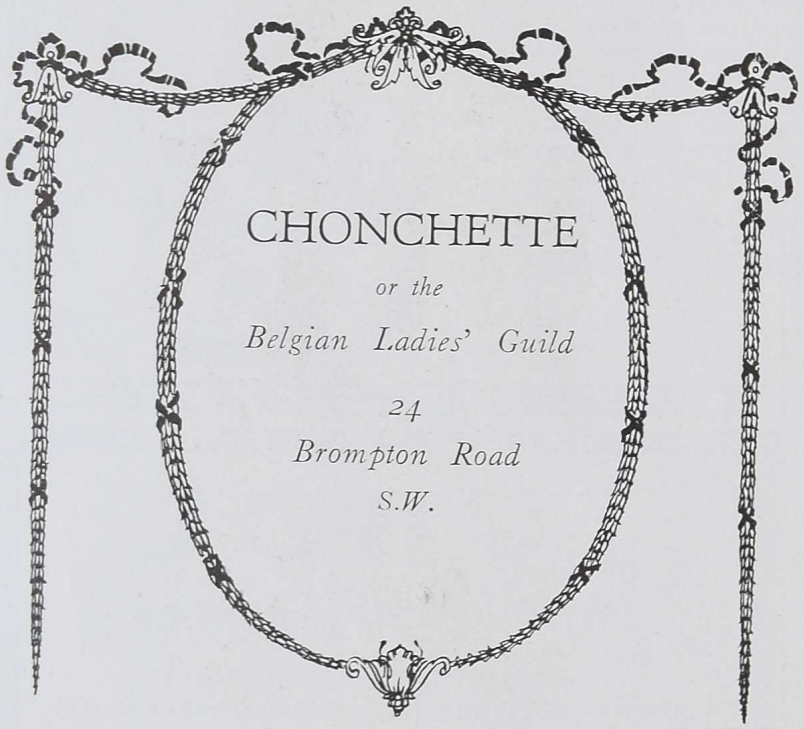
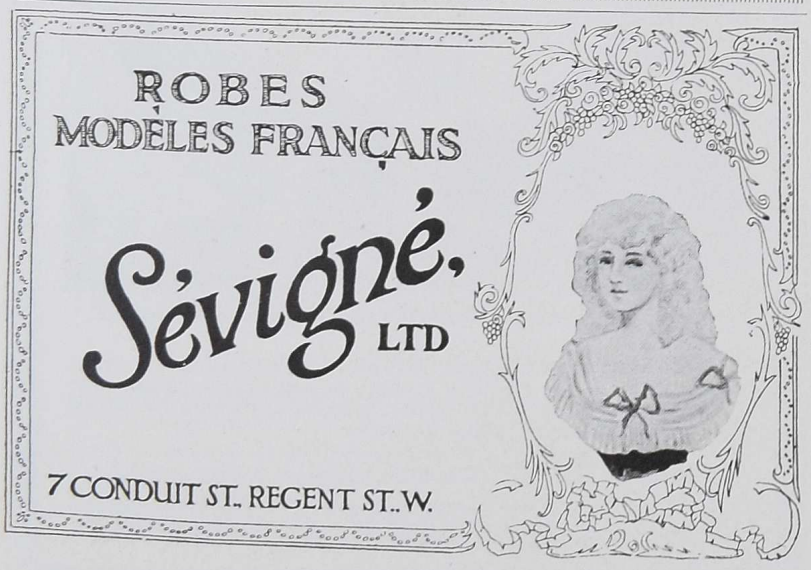


MODES, ROBES *LINGERIE FINE*
BLOUSES *ROBES D'ENFANTS*



COSTUME INSPIRATION

(*Continued from page 88*)

They offer a field of endeavour worthy the ambition of any artist.

Most of us look upon a museum as a well-arranged exhibition hall. It is not generally understood how much patient scientific work is conducted in museum laboratories. The exhibition cases and the arrangement of the collections are unquestionably a very important feature of the museum work and perhaps its most vital popular appeal. But a museum is also a great post-graduate university for specialists in many subjects, and what are referred to as the duplicate or study collections are of immense value to all branches of science. The reserve collections in the American Museum of Natural History are enormous. Extensive as is the floor space, only a small proportion of the actual documents can ever be shown there. These study collections have been opened practically without reserve for the use of artists and designers; in reality, they are great research laboratories.

The collar of this warm and heavy negligée of Koryak inspiration may turn up to form an equally warm hood to defy the chill of any winter morning. This negligée is photographed on page 88

THE DESIGNER'S RESEARCH LABORATORY

The word "research" is naturally associated with some phase of abstract or applied science. It calls to mind the picture of a chemical or physical laboratory with powerful microscopes and delicate electrical equipment. We think of it as perfecting a new Liberty Motor or discovering a cure for some baffling disease. That the term can be applied with truth to art is perhaps a new idea, and that so erudite a word can be used to describe an important development in applied art in the intimate realm of costume and fabric decoration seems an even more far-fetched use of the term.

No other word than research, however, can be used to describe the work of the past year in the museum. With a steadily increasing number of artists, the museum has discussed and analyzed the history and psychology of the arts of other races, times, and peoples, in an effort to increase æsthetic appreciation and to stimulate art creation. Nor has the work been developed along purely theoretical and academic lines. Practical results have been sought, and their influence has been felt among the foremost silk and cotton houses of the country and among certain costume creators. Neither has antiquarianism been desired. Mere copying has not been encouraged, for to reproduce literally a design a thousand years old will advance us artistically no further than would the more usual practice of looting modern foreign designers of the fruits of their efforts.

THE CONTINUITY OF ART

Each age, each country, must develop an art in sympathy with its ideas and appropriate to the actualities of its life. But every age has produced certain artistic concepts so perfect, so completely in accord with the eternal principles of beauty, that they form the firm basis for the creative impulse of each succeeding epoch. To distinguish and preserve the significant features of other arts is as much a part of the artist's profession as is the purely creative impulse. It is the part of ethnological research to put before the artist a series of scientifically arranged documents in the history of the arts, with such supplementary comment as may be necessary to explain their significance; it dwells upon the symbolical, technical, and æsthetic explanation sufficiently to enable the artist to appreciate something of the spirit of the original designer.

To create from such documents ideas for fabrics or, indeed, for any sort of flat decoration, is a comparatively simple matter. To bring this influence to bear on manufacturers, two things only are required; first, the drilling of artists in the technical requirements of design, and second, the arousing of an imitative impulse among makers. After the pioneers had achieved some measure of success, there was little difficulty in connecting the work of the artists and the museum with the fabric industry. The artists soon mastered the technicalities of repetition of design on printing-cylinders and on looms, and silk and cotton houses soon became accustomed to buying designs from the young artists engaged in this new study of design; also, it gradually became common knowledge that the Museum of Natural History was a storehouse of suggestion.

To design a costume, however, is a far different matter. It bears the same relation to flat decoration that sculpture does to painting; the third dimension which must be expressed makes it a much more delicate and complicated matter. It is simple to make a costume on which good decoration is used; it is easy enough to develop a new idea in a garment; but to

(*Continued on page 119*)

One of the results of a study of primitive costume in the museum is this negligée of navy blue and peacock blue chiffon, enlivened by embroidery in many coloured wools

COSTUME INSPIRATION

(*Continued from page 118*)

create some garment, properly decorated, appropriate to modern needs, and in sympathy with the aesthetic feeling of the modern woman, taxes the skill of the artist to the utmost.

Many primitive costumes are very beautiful. They breathe the essence of the life of a people unspoiled by modern conventions, and they are the final perfection of perhaps centuries of art. The drudgery of primitive life, however, does not enhance the charms of woman; the wild beauty of the savage tribes is rather more a myth than an actuality. It therefore remained a question whether primitive garments, though lovely in themselves, would accord with that charm of personality which is the gift of the woman of to-day. To solve this question, Roshanara, the talented interpreter of the religious dances of the East, who has taken deep interest in the history of all dances and was anxious to learn something of the old culture and art indigenous in the New World, posed for the museum photographer in some of these costumes. The effect was magical; she actually made the garments live again and gave to them a modern charm and feeling that would never be suspected from seeing them in the cases.

THE FUTURE OF COSTUME ART

The picture of Roshanara in the actual costume from the Koryak tribe, which appears on this page, gives an example of a woman wearing a garment adapted to a very primitive form of life and expressing the feeling of decoration significant to that particular period. This was the suggestion upon which the coat negligée shown at the lower left on page 88 was developed. The other costumes were inspired by certain blouses in the Philippine collection, mostly from the Bagobo tribes of Mindanao.

A fashion point from this Moro blouse is that of embroidering the seams

Each great political upheaval has powerfully influenced costume. To mention no other, the change in French costume under Louis XVI and under the First Empire will establish this point. Since the dawn of modern democracy, man has lost most of the individuality of his attire. This was not so in other ages. In most primitive tribes and, in fact, in most periods up to the modern era, man's costume was by far the more beautiful and interesting. Just what psychic reason led the masculine mind to its present extreme of practicality and total elimination of finery is difficult to understand. Surely no man need feel that clothes of artistic design are effeminate when he calls to mind the fact that the men of the great Elizabethan age wore ruffs and velvets and that the Spanish conquistadors were attired in costumes that, to our modern way of thinking, would be too extreme even for a fancy-dress ball. Conservative as men are in all that pertains to wearing apparel, it is quite possible that they may feel an enlivening influence after this war is over. We can be certain, at all events, that the costume of women will be appreciably changed.

Concerning the costume of women, so much has been written in a humorous vein that a serious word may, perhaps, be excused in this case. The development of the costume and fabric industries in America has been amazing. Especially is this true of the former industry. It has grown to proportions that are colossal even in these times. There are within the boundaries of Greater New York at least five thousand factories making ready-to-wear gar-

(*Continued on page 120*)

Roshanara, interpreter of Asiatic folk-dances, in a Koryak embroidered fur coat from Northern Siberia. This coat was used as a model for the lovely negligée shown at the lower left on page 88

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Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

COSTUME INSPIRATION

(*Continued from page 119*)

ments. These garments range from the cheapest possible combinations of materials to creations that are hardly less expensive than those of exclusive couturiers.

ART IN THE COSTUME INDUSTRIES

In many ways, this industry offers a most ideal form of employment for labour, and it certainly offers a wide field of opportunity. The most democratic of industries, it is so organized that a clever person with but very small capital can enter it with every hope of success. But there are certain drawbacks that must be remedied before the industry can achieve the development it deserves. The evil of copying and pirating designs is very strongly rooted, and there has been no attempt on the part of the industry as a whole to educate a class of artists and designers to solve its problems. In this greatest garment-producing centre in the world, any boy or girl can learn without cost almost anything except the principles of costume designing.

Some of us look forward to the development within the next decade of the most beautiful and interesting costumes that women have ever worn. It seems that in all countries (not alone America, although we have been especially remiss in this particular) artists have been more and more separated from these wonderful decorative industries. The rapid development of machinery, as it effects large production, has been an unmixed good. But, in as far as it has developed engineers and mechanics to the exclusion of artists, it has certainly worked great evil. This we must correct by reintroducing the artist to the problems of industry and to an honourable and profitable career in a profession where artists are sorely needed. The field should be open to artists of every land, and the quality of a man's work should be the determining factor in his success. By careful superintendence and encouragement, this work, already well started in America, can be developed to wonderful proportions.

ENCOURAGING THE ARTIST

The present great war has been aptly described by an eminent Frenchman as a struggle between the material and the spiritual, between Ariel and Caliban. America has been stirred to its depths, and many ugly things have naturally appeared on the surface. We have been inclined to dwell too much on these and to overlook the wonderful discoveries we have made in spiritual values among our countrymen. This is especially true of the rising generation of artists. Our capability for sacrifice and the sentiments and the principles that we have discovered within ourselves and that give new force of inspiration to our work are felt with double keenness by the artist, and intensify both his feeling of nationality and his creative impulse. We should give to these artists who shape the nation's taste every opportunity for spontaneous and unhampered development, and the greatest contribution we can make to the cause of good decoration is to admit costume and fabric creators to the full dignity of creative artists.

AS SEEN *by* HIM

(*Continued from page 116*)

previous reservations. To be excluded, and have to wait while the ribbon is let down for others, will make your guests your enemies for life. See the head waiter in the morning, and tip him not less than a tenspot, and, if possible, find out the waiter assigned to your table, and tip him, too. In fact, if you have not an account at the restaurant, I would make up the menu, and pay the bill so as to avoid that frightfully awkward moment when it is presented and your people pretend not to see you glancing over it, and each feels as if he or she had devoured just so many greenbacks. It is better, if the restaurant is central, to meet there. I hope you will not strike on a meatless evening, but if it should be so, make the best of it by giving a good fish menu. Or it might be better to have your dinner at your rooms, if you are in chambers. All the restaurants, actuated, evidently, by intense patriotism, are charging triple prices and are giving minimum portions. You may often get (it is not a question of price) Canada mutton for your roast, or a fowl or turkey, or, last, a fillet, which is real meat, and which has not seen the refrigerator, but I doubt it. So I advise you to stick to entrées and birds, although you might be lucky with chicken or turkey. Conveyances should always be provided for your guests, to and from restaurants and theatres. These you can hire for the evening. I think an autobus is best.

You will obtain aisle seats, of course. The dinner menu is short, so that you will not get to the playhouse too late. The hour for dinner had better be half-past seven; it is difficult to make it earlier. Men may be excused for one intermission under the plea of a smoke, or a visit to friends in other parts of the house, if you are fortunate in locating them. I would rather have men go out in relays. Of course, if you have a box, it is very easy. Nowadays, I think a theatre party is never complete without supper; in fact, I would never dare to omit this. I would rather, not to make the evening too long, omit the dinner, and just send the tickets around to my guests. In that case, there is no meeting at the playhouse, but the guests come in as it suits their convenience. Just now, the cabaret supper clubs are popular. If you have a more or less elaborate dinner, your supper should be light; and for your supper, too, make arrangements beforehand. Even in this age of war and abstinence, wine is expected at dinner and supper. Have champagne at both, and, as to cocktails, it is perhaps better to omit them at dinner but to give them at supper, especially if you go to a "Bohemian" resort. Now there are many variations of this entertainment. You can be so-called "Bohemian"—Heaven save the mark—and take in the Greenwich Village resorts. There is one famous restaurant south of Washington Square, and, there are a few others scattered around Sheridan Square. The Macdougal Street place is not extremely amusing and the dingy basement of the West Fourth Street place has taken its lares,—if restaurants beyond Sixth Avenue have lares, but it has not "gone West." With a few exceptions, tables d'hôte are cheap and nasty and dull, and the haunt of the middle class. However, there are some notable exceptions that have good music and rather good food. There are a baker's dozen of extremely quiet and discreet ones in the suburbs to which you might motor your party and then go to a movie or something of that sort. You can really make an evening of this kind awfully jolly. I know of one place famous for devilled lobster, where the cooking is very good and which is open winter and summer, but I am not going to spoil it and tell where it is. It has its clientèle, and it is a nice place to motor to on Sundays for luncheon and something *a deux*.

THE STORY *of* HERO LAND

(*Continued from page 79*)

roof—then one takes a long breath and says, "Now for the Bagdad floor!"

Though one may have lingered, and that only last night, till the moon that Omar loved yawned in the western sky, one comes back to the Bagdad floor to see fresh marvels. There are Persian night, Balkan night, Arabian night, Moorish night—and then, perhaps with no warning at all, the Russian section of the Rosemary pageant. Thus Petrograd sits peaceful on the Tigris, with never a hint of geographical vertigo to indicate the breathlessness of her transit.

From the top of the main stairway, the Bagdad floor looks as though the Djinn of All Deserts had just laid it down, drenched with Mesopotamian sunshine. Mrs. Whitney has created a wonderful picture, a breath-taking illusion. Façades of black and green and gold with gold grillwork and pierced windows, for the lights of the harem to laugh through—pink pillars with twisted rainbow stripes—turquoise and golden lanterns on slender cords—balconies, rug-hung, mysterious, baked in oriental light-minarets that Mohammed would have coveted—black Arab tents—and, right behind, a Persian Garden, with a well in the centre and gazelle-eyed attendants under the supervision of Mrs. George D. Pratt.

To the left of this garden, always the haunt of some amorous Walpi Dad, looking as though he could quote Persian poetry with a triple pun in every line, there is the quaint Russian Tea Shop, where the American Friends of Russian Prisoners sit over the samovar, amiably chatting with the Lithuanian Central War Relief Committee next door, who claim to have introduced some brand-new tastes into New York with their far-from-home cookery.

RIVAL CHEFS FROM THE ALLIES

In the opposite corner of Bagdad, straight through the Garden, rises the Cheshire Cheese, which is an English Chop House of august pretensions and still better performances, modelled on the famous inn from which Samuel Johnson used to rule the universe and Boswell. The British Government sent over the reigning chefs to do their bit in New York, and now all the world is divided between those who hold to the be-sauced and be-seasoned originations of Abrazard downstairs and those who prefer the more restrained British culinary imagination. The first is poetry; the second, good red prose. Take your choice.

The War Babies' Cradle—oddly enough—is housed in an automobile which is to be sold for the benefit of the Fund. Mrs. Ogden Mills is chairman of the New York Committee, to which also belong Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. M. Orme Wilson, Mrs. Charles H. Ditson, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Mrs. Laurence Gillespie, and Lady Colebrooke. The Cradle, which works in connection with the French, Belgian, and British Military Charities, through Countess Marie du Hemptinne, has accomplished wonders in the way of relief in the terrorized districts of Europe and deserves a word all to itself, even though it would be quite impossible to speak of many of the War Charities in detail.

Straight ahead from the main stairway, glowing in black and green and Bagdad blush, Edith Wharton's War Charities in France hold out fair and appealing hands. But to get to them one must pass the Countess of Kingston's Shamrock Fund—now, could one pass a single shamrock, do you think, let alone a fund of them?—and the Serbia-in-Bagdad booth, where Mme. Slavko Grouitch pleads the cause of her brave and suffering people.

The main street of the city runs at right angles to the stairway and is at all times so filled with strolling potentates and ravishing princesses (see 1918 list of débutantes) that it is difficult to disentangle the British War Relief Association (where exotic Chinese costumes bloom by the counterful under the superintendence of Mrs. G. S. Mulliner) from the Bien-Etre du Blessé, where Miss Elsa Maxwell stops in passing when she isn't needed otherwise.

Constance Collier looks as well sitting on a pile of Bagdad pillows as she does on an early Victorian sofa. Witness her stall, next to that of the French Actors', in charge of Mrs. James H. Kidder, and across a Mesopotamian Fifth Avenue from the little shop where Miss Adah E. Marks and her assistants sell bags for La Lafayette Fund, in which Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mrs. William Astor Chanler, Mrs. Philip Lydig, and so many more New York women are interested. The Fund sends comfort kits to the French soldiers.

IT'S ALL FOR OUR ALLIES

The National Allied Relief Committee, of which Mrs. William Alexander, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, Mrs. Barrett Wendell, and Mrs. Fiske Warren are vice-presidents, is, financially speaking, the most important organization represented on the floor, having raised more than ten million dollars through its forty affiliated societies, in a little over two years. Most of the other organizations taking part in the bazaar cooperated with this committee, of which Mr. Norman Hapgood is president. Messrs. Edwin G. Merrill and John Moffat are chairman and vice-chairman of the executive committee.

The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief has already sent four million dollars to help the unfortunates in Western Asia and the Russian Caucasus. But still it needs more money, and in its oriental marketplace it serves more than coffee. It serves pictures, harder to take—shudderingly harder—but salutary in effect. One is glad, perhaps, to turn to the vociferous young merchants at the Junior Patriots' booth across the road. Miss Georgiana Harriman Owen was the first Patriot, but she was soon ably assisted by a score of eager emulators, booming Mr. Hoover.

Mr. Robert Chanler's Grotto is another surprise. A Moorish arch—an arms-akimbo arch, black peacocks above it, with cerise tails—leads to a bit of loveliness where fish swim on the ceiling and anything entrancing may happen. And equally novel is Mrs. Benjamin Guinness's shop, where the girls of the Millicent Sutherland Ambulance sell—waffles and oysters!

One proceeds to the oriental street created by Mrs. John Alden Carpenter of "Rosemary" fame, for the American Ambulance in Russia. Here one encounters another version—a quite different version—of the Arabian Nights in New York.

Perhaps, as the crowd breaks, rainbows, shifts, and spreads out again,—as the dancing-girls tinkle and the water carriers call, and one sees the moon over a mosque rise like a bubble into the dusk—perhaps one stops seeing, and thinks.

This Bagdad—why is it? It is for France. For England, mud-crusted, drunk with weariness, out under the veiled stars on some torn hillside. For little Belgium, dauntless in defeat. For Italy, climbing the white peaks. For Serbia and Russia. Yes, but more than that—for Liberty.

The million dollars raised will not make more guns—more boats—more aeroplanes. It will make bandages and teach blind eyes to see through finger-tips. It will write letters to worn prisoners and comfort sad widows. It will house little children and lift wee babies out of the dust. It will take us back—a million dollars nearer—to that old, dear, unappreciated world of days before the Hun went mad.

Isn't that worth doing—a whole million dollars worth?

'Chilprufe' Kiddies

are always well and happy because they are cosy and warm, and protected from the risk of chill, those responsible for their welfare are relieved of worry.

Clothe your children in Chilprufe, and ensure their comfort, good health, and happiness.

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

The 'CHILPRUFE' Fabric is guaranteed all PURE WOOL. It is made from the highest grade yarn, and is finished by a secret process which increases the natural durability of the wool and renders it soft and unshrinkable, and, as the name implies, it reduces the risk of a chill to a minimum.

EASILY WASHED, UNSHRINKABLE, AND VERY DURABLE.

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(*John A. Bolton, Propr.*)

A SMART AUTUMN MODEL

by

MADAME HELEN BARRIE

(Late of 5 Prince's Street, Hanover Square)

(NEW ADDRESS) 151 NEW BOND STREET, W.

The Bernese Coatee

is a dainty garment with classic lines and as many variations as there are feminine figures and ages. Not only does it freshen the *passée* evening frock and cover a neck too low for the moment, but becomes an entirely new costume with each separate skirt that it enhances. From filmy net, with jet or embroidered motifs, to silk muslin with painted or brocaded designs—from sober black to living youthful greens these creations range with contrasting and individual charm.

Folded they occupy so little space and they emerge so fresh from a suit case that they are a source of continual delight to the traveller.

For travel, a Bernese Coatee over a dainty Camisole with either Georgette or thin Satin skirt makes a complete and charming little dinner outfit.

Coatee from 45/-

Georgette or Satin Skirt, 4½ Gns.

THRESHER'S

5 Conduit Street, W. 1

Almost on the corner of Regent Street.

THE WISDOM *of a* TRAPPER OF FURS

(*Continued from page 73*)

the world were auctioned off at London, Leipzig, and Nijni Novgorod, even though, in some instances, they crossed the ocean or traversed long trails only to be inspected in great lots and returned to the neighbourhood of their starting-point for further disposal. Canada sent some six million dollars' worth of fur abroad and imported over a million dollars' worth. The United States added enough to bring the total export to twenty-two million and the return-trip cargo to twenty million. It is now hoped that the closing of the London and European fur markets and the partial collapse of the German dye industry will prove in the end a positive godsend to the fur trade of this continent, by enabling us to retain and prepare our own pelts and also to keep at home the money formerly paid out on imported goods. New York, Montreal, and St. Louis, the three great American fur centres of the present, may rise to still further eminence after the war.

But, though the man who owned the white and gold salon could have told Rosalie all this and a great deal more, Charlie knew only the trapper's side of the story, where a mink was a mink and not a national asset.

HOW TO PURCHASE FURS

"You ladies—if you'll excuse me—you git awfully fooled sometimes if you aren't dealing with a reliable firm," he said. "There's lots of boys hereabouts—yes, and lots of Indians, too—that don't know nothin' about when to trap ner how to cure. They begin trappin' in September, and a mink's fur's no good then. He's wearin' his summer clothes, light and airy, so to speak, lots of wool 'way down close to the skin but not so much of that long glossy top coat. If you're buyin' fur, you look for that. Don't take a skin with harsh hair, neither, nor one that's rough, nor a bad colour. Turn it inside out and look at the underside. The skin ought to be smooth and white like cream. If it's blue, or got rough patches on it, or hair hardened to it—watch out. That's not a prime skin."

For his mink skins, cured but not tanned, Charlie got five-fifty dollars a piece last year. They went to a local dealer, who, in turn, sold to a man in New York, who had them finished and resold to the fur house where they were made up. By this time they were reckoned at fifteen dollars a skin, though cheaper grades sold at from four dollars up.

"You deal with a good house," Charlie admonished. "You can't ever git to know furs, really know them, though I can give you a few pointers. But a man who does know 'em when you don't can persuade you that an ex-cat is an Alaska seal if he wants to. He can even take your own seal and give you back another skin entirely. But, o'course, a good house would never do such a thing. It couldn't, for the sake of its reputation, any more'n I'd sell a poor skin to a buyer I'd dealt with for years. Keep to the firms you know, and you'll be all right. One o' those 'big bargains' from a back-street job-lotter is likely to cost you more'n you'd ever imagine."

"But how do you catch the mink?" Rosalie asked. "You have a big steel trap, I suppose?"

Charlie grinned.

"We-ell, not exactly. I don't believe in store-bought stuff when it's all here in the woods waitin' for you. See this stick?"

It was a bit of birch about as big around as a man's finger. Very deftly the guide cut it into three pieces, notched them in various ways, and presently fitted them together till they looked like the numeral four, as it appears in print, with the upright about five inches high, the horizontal piece grown to ten-inch length, and the diagonal with a little over-hang on top that was said to do the whole trick.

"But that's not a trap!" Rosalie objected. "That's a cute little——"

"Figure four? Just what we call it. You wait and see."

Ten minutes later, Rosalie was instructed to take a long stick and pretend she was Mr. Mink seeking fish for breakfast. The figure four stood upright on a log with another log balanced on its head and an arrangement of subsidiary logs and stones farther over to give it additional weight. The long horizontal piece bore the bait, with an amphitheatre of rocks arranged behind it, lest Mr. Mink should attempt to get his breakfast through the kitchen window instead of by the dining-room door.

PRIME SKINS OF MINK AND ERMINE

Very cautiously, the substitute mink pro tem. reached over and touched the potato which served in lieu of fish. And the second it was touched, the structure collapsed, with the weight of all the logs and stones on the back of the stick.

"Prime mink," said Charlie, picking it up and turning it over with his shrewd little slow Canadian smile. "A man from Boston I guided for once, told me there were twenty thousand minks in Europe, as many in Asia, and six hundred thousand in America. So no wonder I can catch a few if I work hard with my little deadfalls."

"You told me you caught weasels," Rosalie said. "I never saw a weasel coat. How do they use them?"

"Oh yes, you did!" her father cut in. "Your mother has one—unless the stub of my cheque-book misinforms me—only she calls it ermine."

Charlie nodded. A weasel is a weasel to a farmer. But to a trapper who waits for him to turn white to match the Nova Scotia snow, he is an ermine.

The fur dealer in New York keeps his prime skins in a white bag. When he pulls them out—a hundred little velvet-smooth strips, white, with the soft whiteness of clotted cream—he is showing you two hundred and fifty dollars' worth. You can hold the cord that fastens them on one finger, from which they hang like an upside-down fountain with little black tails dripping from the white. To Charlie, the otter is the most expensive of skins, because he gets twenty dollars, or even twenty-five, for a single pelt. But cover the length of an otter skin with ermine, and it could not be bought for a hundred. Just the faintest streak of yellow and down goes the price. Ermine is like Caesar's wife and must be above suspicion.

FURS TRANSFORMED

When Charlie gets a skunk he does not classify it with his olfactory nerves, as most peaple would do. He judges it with his eyes. Is it all black? Has it a short stripe of the rough cream white fur that must be cut out? Or has it, worst of all, a long wedge of the undesirable colour? The "black" skunk skin is worth three times the value of the "long stripe." But the woman who buys furs will never see the white piece at all. It will be cut out, the wedge sewed together by machine, the seam flattened, and the skin pulled into shape. She must judge by the quality of fur, by the state of the underskin, and by the colour, just as she does with mink.

Charlie gets a great many muskrats. But every year New York demands more. The rough, gray, little fur-bearer is not served *au naturel*, except once in a while for an automobile coat. This year, however, owing to a process technically known as "Becher's dye," the obliging rat will masquerade as kolinsky, which is of a colour becoming to most women. The intending purchaser should blow on the skin. If she sees a great deal of under-

(*Continued on page 123*)

THE WISDOM *of a* TRAPPER OF FURS

(*Continued from page 122*)

wool and an insufficient covering of the top fur, she must reject it. The old, old story of greed is before her. Tom or Jake or Jerry the Halfbreed was not willing to follow the example of Charlie and wait patiently. He trapped too early. And, in consequence, the fur is not prime.

But most of the muskrat that we see on the Avenue calls itself Hudson seal, and owes its reincarnation to a Frenchman (of course!) called Chapal. One hundred skins, dyed according to his process, cut, sewed, and hung to a nicety, and combined with any other fur the wearer fancies, give us the most becoming coat in the world; the coat that has practically ousted Alaska seal, which, with its much greater weight, will not make up effectively in the present voluminous models favoured by Paris. The big "C" stamped on the back of each skin will assure the purchaser that she is getting pelts treated by the original—and best—process. This year the fur men are trying another experiment; the muskrat is to be dyed taupe; so, incidentally, is the less satisfactory squirrel.

MARTEN AND FOX

An animal that Charlie never caught but that is living in Nova Scotia for all that, is the marten. Like the weasel-ermine, he has another name when dead, and is known as the Hudson Bay sable. The only five in Nova Scotia are on a fur farm, but the desolate reaches of the Mackenzie River District of the far Northwest, and the frozen tundras of the Yukon, bring Canada no inconsiderable income from sable. One in a hundred is black, and this seventh son of a seventh son is worth a fabulous sum; the ordinary skins sell at from twenty to a hundred dollars. When the delicate tan and orange shadings of the original are covered by the brown dye demanded by a conventional public, sable is a highly prized fur. The purchaser, however, should beware of a "singed" skin. This is a fault of too strong dye and manifests itself in the slight curl of the top hair.

Last of all the furs, though first to Rosalie and Charlie, is the fox. Red fox, white fox, silver fox, cross fox, black fox —these are known to the trapper. Blue fox, dove gray fox, battleship gray fox, Poiret fox, pointed fox—these are the creations of the dyer. Every white fox which is not the perfect blonde of the fur buyer's affection goes to the vat and reappears in a shade to harmonize, not with the snow-drifted surface of Torment Lake where nature placed him, but with the costume and complexion of the American girl who is to wear him on her local Fifth Avenue. The undesirably tinted red fox is similarly treated to produce the darker shades favoured by fashion.

The true black fox is, of course, the aristocrat of furdom, now that the sea otter is practically extinct. A good specimen will bring two thousand dollars, and even a comparatively faulty skin will be eagerly bought for eight hundred or a thousand. But very few are offered for sale at any price. There are nearly a thousand foxes on the fur farms of Nova Scotia, however, of which one hundred and seventy-seven blue-blooded blackamoors were exported in 1915.

"When the war broke out, we was gettin' eight dollars a skin for red fox," Charlie said, as he packed the duffle into the canoe at last and handed the noibwood rod to the New York man. "But the price was cut in half in a month. Then it begun to recover, and now it's twelve to us right here and dear knows what to you."

Before Manhattan père could contribute information as to the high cost of daughters, Rosalie told Charlie of the vogue for summer furs that had made New York women defy the thermometer, all for the sake of a fascinating shoulder-line and the advantage of a soft background for one's pearl earrings.

"Well, I never! So that was why," the guide commented, "the government gives us a bounty on bears and one on bobcats, but you ladies done better for us than that. You h'isted the price right spang out o' sight! Could you do the same on skunks, do you suppose, if you was to try? Or beavers?"

Just here the lace-making swish of the casting came to a dizzy end. The noibwood rod bent in a whirl-tailed circle, and both men bent with it.

ON THEIR WAY TO NEW YORK

But Rosalie did not watch the landing of that trout or the next; she was seeing a long procession of little bent-backed figures, black against illimitable snow. They came stumblingly, worn, dirty, snowblinded, some of them. They trickled down across the Rockies from Revillagigedo, from Fort Yukon of the Midnight Sun; they tramped over the salt-bordered marshes of the desolate James Bay country; they came beyond the tremendous Grand Falls that out-trumpet Niagara on the bleak shores of Hamilton Inlet.

Each little solitary figure bore a pack on his back. They were bringing furs for New York to adorn its women.

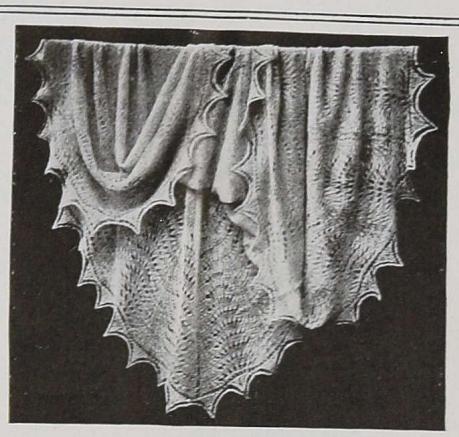
SOMBRE CLOTHES *and* CHEERFUL HATS, SAYS PARIS

(*Continued from page 68*)

page 67, has been treated with embroidery as if it were canvas. The skirt is ample but not exaggerated, and the round neck-line is unsoftened. A wide band of black fur edges the skirt, and a fichu of black satin, knotted in the middle of the back, falls to the very hem. There is grace in the line of these shawl-scarfs, and they are sure to be a success this winter. Sometimes of silk, sometimes of velvet, they are so invariably charming that all Paris is infatuated with them, and much imagination may be used in the draping of them. Worn over a simple costume, such as one might wear on the street, they give an air of distinction, and they are much worn at informal teas. The Countess de Castries often receives enveloped in one of these shawl-scarfs, either Indian or Chinese, in colours which owe their charm to their very violence and contrast.

Typical of Jenny is the frock of black satin, sketched at the left at the bottom of page 67, striped all over with bands of gray rabbit. The corsage is loosely cut, with kimono sleeves, and has an amusing double collar of fur and a sort of fur lappet under the arms, on each side of the belt,—an idea really new and full of interest for the mode.

As for the long chemise gowns, embroidered in black or blue, veiled with white chiffons, they are still with us. Sketched at the upper right on page 67 is one of the newest models from Jenny; this white muslin tunic opens in the front over a narrow robe of black satin and is held in place by big squares of jet. There is also a delightful wrap of rose velvet, trimmed with skunk and embroidered in silver, pink, and gold, which is sketched at the left on the top of page 67.



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Wrap Shawls can be had in self-grey, grey with darker border, and also in white.

Prices from **6/11** to **27/6**, according to size.

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PRINCES·STREET
EDINBURGH

For Ladies' Golf or Country Wear

N 150 Mahogany Willow Calf
N 151. Black Moor Calf.

IF you want a pair of these Shoes, you must put your name down for them *now*. Write the Norvic Shoe Co. for the address of the nearest agent, then call and place your order for delivery as soon as the factory can make them. Owing to Army contracts this may be anything from one week to two months. These Norvic de Luxe Golf Shoes are worth waiting for, however. Made in the handsewn way, of superb materials, they are splendid Golf or Winter Shoes—especially for country wear. The quality has been maintained despite the war

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THE favourite rendezvous of Society. Latest FOX TROTS, One-Steps, Two-Steps, and Bostons taught under Miss Russell's personal supervision.

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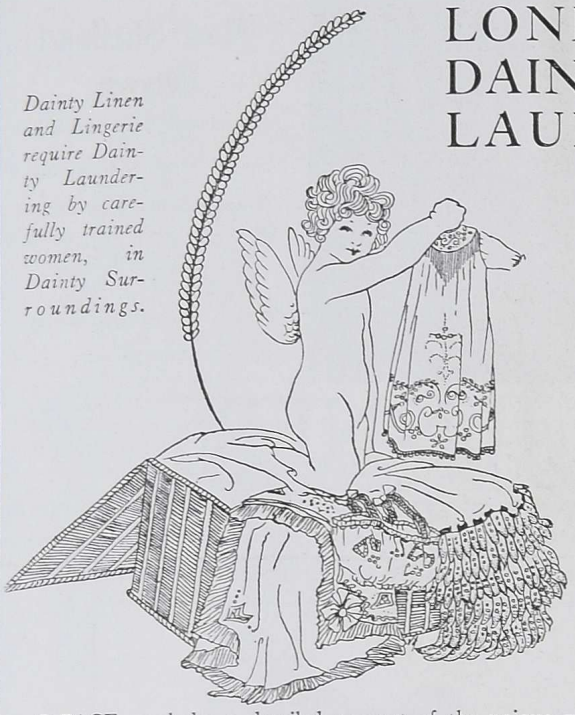
LONDON'S DAINTIEST LAUNDRY

Dainty Linen and Lingerie require Dainty Laundering by carefully trained women, in Dainty Surroundings.



EVERY housewife has experienced the tragedy of ruined linen through careless handling. The Lavender Laundry exists to take care of linen and lingerie, and to launder with the same conscientious care that the articles would receive at the hands of their owners.

SPACE precludes a detailed account of the unique method employed, but the names of many titled patrons (of whom a list will be sent on application) who entrust their silks and laces to the Lavender Laundry is sufficient testimony and appreciation in itself of the satisfactory results.

No chemicals whatever are used. Repairs and Darning at moderate charges.

Every description of Wet and Dry Cleaning and Dyeing. Collections and delivery by own vans, rail and post.

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How great a disadvantage grey hair is can quickly be appreciated by placing the edge of a hand-mirror along the line, so reflecting a complete head. The reflection from the left is of a woman whose apparent age is anything from forty to fifty. Next, reverse the mirror. The reflection now shown is of a woman after hair has been treated with "INECTO," the name given to this new process. What a wonderful difference! The first impression is of a woman—"passée." The second shows a woman of youthful mien, possessing again all her charm and attractiveness.

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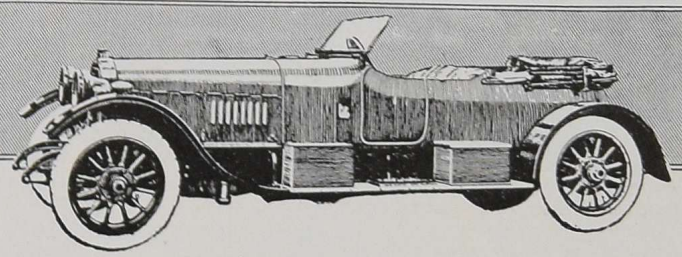

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CHILDS'. — ROYAL CASTLE. — SENTINEL.

Their regular use in the bedroom makes for Happy Children. Price's Night Lights give a reassuring light, a light that lasts for hours.

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THE PIQUANT PETS OF YESTERYEAR

(*Continued from page 82*)

ing neat little blankets with "Percy" or "Juanita" embroidered thereon. After a refreshing dive and swim in the park lake, they would be dried and rubbed down until their shells shone like mahogany.

In nineteen hundred, mice came in—white mice, waltzing mice, and the delightful "spiney" variety. These dainty pets cuddled cosily in sleeves and in muffs and were a source of the most amusing surprises. The next season it was lambs—frail sensitive beings who were apt to go into a decline at the slightest mention of mint sauce. Lady Marjorie Greville, daughter of the Countess of Warwick, found a snow-white lambkin the most becoming companion she had ever had and seldom strolled in her garden without it.

It was the late Mrs. Timothy Woodruff who was credited with saying that wild animals were more interesting than domestic animals, even as the red Indian was more interesting than the white man. And, indeed, it began to seem as if no remote swamp or mountain retreat was secure against the gentle assaults of yearning mistresses. A Mrs. Sanderson, of California, lavished devotion upon her Gila monster and several horned toads, while Mrs. Devereux, of London, was never separated from her mongoose. Lord Rothschild manfully stuck to his goat, which, ever faithfully at his lordship's heels, became a familiar sight in Piccadilly. Lady Anglesey was never without her pet marmoset, and Lady Dorothy Hope adored her trained hare. In nineteen four, Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, as original then as now, adopted a pet hedgehog, and the Baroness de Meyer introduced the wearing of chameleons at formal functions, a fad which constituted a real period in pet history.

Of course, royalty was never immune from the prevailing enthusiasms. The Czar's great-aunt, the Grand Duchess Alexandra, spent many happy hours with her two pet camels, and the Kaiser had to speak severely more than once to his daughters-in-law about the time they were wasting on their pet monkeys. The Sultan of Turkey found relaxation with his pet lion, which he had harnessed to a tiny cart and drove about himself; and, during this period, no circle of society and no drawing-room was without its surprising favourite, from the Countess of Montignosci's American iguanas and the Dowager Lady Decies's ring-tailed lemur to the darling of the wideawake Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Schmidt, of somewhere in Florida, who sent notices to the papers of the daily doings of "Minna," their pet crocodile. Reports were cabled to the States of the vagaries of the Russian Princess Vilma Parlaghy's pet bear, and, shortly after, an affecting tale of Anna Held's parting from her beloved lynx appeared in the public prints.

Madame Abreu's Paris dinner in nineteen eight, in honour of her favourite chimpanzee, created quite a stir. Then Mme. Ziggio, of Florence, lady-in-waiting to the Dowager Queen Margherita, sent out engraved invitations for a reception in honour of her monkey, who received his guests from the depths of a five thousand-dollar cage. The so-called civilized world thereupon went monkey-mad,—until the following season, when Conan Doyle published his "Speckled Band," and monkeys went out and snakes came in.

THE SERPENT, TOO, AS A PET

After that, for a time, the boudoirs of Mayfair and Belgravia writhed with deadly cobras (fangs extracted), and the beautiful Miss Dorothy Tennant wore a tasteful blue and gold live snake for a bracelet at one of Mr. Asquith's receptions. The Countess of Warwick, however, remained true to her African anteater and dwarf elephant, and the Princess Troubetzkoy gathered her manuscripts about her and came home to America with her lovely pale gray Russian wolf.

Some of us will not want to recall certain of the dear dead fancies. Monkeys and snakes and mice, it seems to me, (though I am told that understanding invariably leads to love) are, on the whole, best left within their native fastnesses. But when I think of the sportive gazelle, when I reflect on the qualities of the pensive wombat, an epitaph in the London Animals' Cemetery comes hauntingly to my mind:—

"Au revoir, Chère, si Dieu veut."

LET US BUILD SHIPS

(*Continued from page 70*)

will be necessary to take for transport service or to carry war materials and food, some of those ships, already too few, which are now being used to carry the supplies required by France.

This will make clear, I hope, the necessity of the rapid creation of a new and immense merchant fleet.

There is also a second point of equal importance, upon which we count on the aid of the United States. This is the tightening of the blockade.

A strict and effective blockade is the surest way of bringing a quick end to the war.

President Wilson has well understood this, and he is determined that nothing which can provision Germany shall leave America.

We insist then upon the importance of tightening the blockade.

That Germany this spring was able to subsist and to await without starvation the coming of the harvests of this year, was due to the fact that Holland and Denmark and to a certain extent the other Scandinavian countries sent her more than two billions in rations, of which the greater quantity consisted of fats. Holland and Denmark alone,—we would emphasize this fact,—have nourished during two full months the sixty-seven million inhabitants of Germany. Without this aid, Germany would have been obliged to give up the fight, through inability to obtain sufficient food for her people.

Now, this great quantity of foodstuffs, delivered to Germany by these two neutral countries, was for the most part exported from America into those two countries, which received four and five times more foodstuffs than could be consumed within the countries.

We wish that every one in America could know these facts and could understand that the duration of the war will be in direct relation to the closeness of the blockade.

They know in France with what enthusiasm America has entered the war. They admire profoundly the patriotism and the sense of duty which caused Americans to enter the army to the number of more than ten millions. They are equally sensible of the financial assistance, so generous, so disinterested, and so large which America is giving us.

And I repeat that in the hearts of all the mothers of France, of the young girls, and even of the children, there is and will always be a special feeling of gratitude, deep, touching, and intense, for the American women and children who have saved by their generosity and assistance so many French lives, and who have preserved for more than eighty thousand French families, the head or the chief support of the family.

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THE PERFECT NEST FOR BABY.

Cosy—Hygienic—Portable

Folded, showing Net Support

No hard substances or draughts to mar Baby's comfort. Easily Washable. No parts to Rust. Packs small for travelling. (Weight 9 lbs.)

Supplied with either Net or Canopy Support as desired. Draperies need not be detached when folding Cots.

No 0. Plain Wood	19 9
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No. 3. Special Design, Extra Quality	29/-
Mosquito Netting (without Lace)	3 6
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Baby's Growth

THE best indication of proper development is a right increase in weight coupled with increase in muscular strength.

At five months Baby should be able to hold his head erect. At seven months he will be able to sit up a while. When ten months he crawls, pulls himself up or stands by a chair.

Do not encourage a child to walk before he does so of his own accord.

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—Kerkoff, Paris

Translation: May I suggest above all other years, this year a gift from France.

¶ Very surely any one of these Djer-Kiss Specialties from France makes a Christmas gift *chic* and *charmant*.

Subtly smart, an exquisite perfume—Djer-Kiss. A shy caress on the cheek of Madame, of Mademoiselle—Djer-Kiss Face Powder. *Voila le talc suprême*—Djer-Kiss Talc. A fragrance engagingly *parisien*—Djer-Kiss Sachet. A delight *délicat*—Djer-Kiss Toilet Water. So distinctive and eminently French—Djer-Kiss Soap. Soothing for Monsieur after shaving, *assurément*—Djer-Kiss Vegetale. All express the charm itself of France--the skill incomparable of Kerkoff—master *parfumeur de France*.

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